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Men of Mark 'Twixt Tyne and Tweed.

By Richard Melford.

AUTHOR OF "A HISTORY OF NEWCASTLE AND GATESHEAD."

William Durant,

PURITAN PREACHER.

NOREMOST among the "godly and faithful" ministers of religion who found their way to the banks of the Tyne in the early days of the great Civil War, stands William Durant. Whence he came has not been ascertained. He united the culture and refinement of a scholar with the tastes and habits of a gentleman, but how and where he acquired them are unknown. Dr. Ellison, Vicar of Newcastle at the close of the seventeenth century, claimed to have discovered that he was "of University education, bred up in University College, Oxford," where he took "one or more degrees"; yet Anthony Wood, the industrious biographer of Oxford men, knows him not; and Dr. Cosin, Bishop of Durham at the Restoration, "reduced him to silence" because satisfactory evidence was not forthcoming of his having received either Episcopal or Presbyterian ordination. He married Jane, sister of James (afterwards Sir James) Clavering, of Axwell, and in the Clavering pedigree he is entered as "William Durant, of county Devon," an assignment of origin which finds colour, if not substance, in the fact that during the ejection of the clergy in 1662, a Nathaniel Durant was turned

out of the living of Cheriton Fitzpaine, in that county. It is known that John Durant, of Canterbury, who after the ejection became a Dissenting minister at Maidstone, was his brother, but no other of his relations have been traced. Whencesoever he came, whatsoever may have been his credentials, he was a Puritan of high repute, who, amid the distractions and persecutions of his time, lived a life of consistency and rectitude; a preacher of eminence who, gathering around him devout and earnest people, is reputed to have founded the first settled Nonconformist congregation in Newcastle.

It was in the year 1645, a few months after the storming and capture of the town, that Mr. Durant made his appearance in a local pulpit. The Corporation selected him in February of that year to officiate at All Saints'; in May they appointed him one of the lecturers at St. Nicholas'; and in July, 1646, they installed him at St. John's. At St. Nicholas' he had for a colleague silver-tongued Cuthbert Sydenham, who, writing in 1653 a controversial treatise on "Infant Baptism and Singing of Psalms," dedicated it to his "dear and honoured Brother, Mr. William Durant," his "faithful Fellow-labourer in the Gospel, and the Church of Christ, over whom the Holy Ghost hath made us Joynt-overseers." Ministers like-minded filled other pulpits in the town.

differing in opinion as to forms of Church government—some favouring Independency, others leaning towards Presbyterianism—yet pronounced Puritans each and all. Durant himself was of the "Independent judgment"; among his colleagues the Presbyterian order predominated; but against prelacy and heresy—against Episcopalians and Arians, Arminians and Quakers, they were one.

The unity of spirit which prevailed among the Puritan preachers in Newcastle had the merit of continuance. With Dr. Robert Jenison, a member of an old and high-placed local family, at their head (he died in November, 1652), and Mr. Durant, related by marriage to another eminent local house, they worked in unison and good fellowship, "preaching in the same places, and fasting and praying together in heavenly harmony." If there were any doubt or misgiving amongst them it arose from a fear that the Presbyterian element might gain too much ascendancy. That such fear was entertained is evident from a letter which, in 1656, the Corporation of Newcastle addressed to the Lord Protector. Cromwell was suspected of leaning too much towards the Presbyterian form of worship, and the Corporation, echoing the apprehensions of Mr. Durant and his Congregational brethren, considered it proper to express their suspicions in writing. Cromwell wrote a pacific reply, and with its reception the affair was supposed to have ended. But the following letter from Mr. Durant and other Puritan pastors (copied by the Rev. John Brand from the original MS., and now published from Mr. Brand's transcript) shows that the dissension continued, though it was not of a serious character:—

Newcastle, January 12th, 1656 (57).

For His Highness the Lord Protector of the Commonwealth of England, and the Dominions thereunto belonging: These Humbly Present.

May it please your Highness,

That the Congregational Churches of Christ in these parts have not made any solemn addresses to your Highness, thereby to make knowne the reall sence of the good hand of God upon us in raising you up in the midst of the divisions of Saints to be instrumentall for the repairing of breaches among us, hath not proceeded from any dissatisfaction in our Spirits to the wonderfull out-goings of Providence in these latter dayes, in throwing downe one and setting upp another; but looking upon it as our proper duty to submitt to you in the Lord, and pray for you, judging ourselves and our Applications not worthy your Highness' cognizance. Though by your Highness' Letter to the Mayor of Newcastle communicated to us, wee cannot but read your singular affection and most Christian tenderness to us in the Lord Jesus; which exceeding greates act of Love, as little sought for as merited by us, but flowing (as we believe) from that divine principle which God hath endowed you with for the protection of his people will not be unrequited in that day when Christ will reward any kindness shewed to the least of Saints.

Sir, your many inculcated Exhortations to love the whole flocke of Christ, though not walking in the same order of the Gospell, wee receive with all gladness, resolving in the strength of Christ as hitherto, soe for the future to endeavour to keepe the Unity of the Spirit in the Bond of peace; a frame of heart, which, as wee believe to be acceptable to the Lord Jesus, soe wee desire to be

found in, whatever provocations wee may meeete with to the interrupting of it.

When wee consider how many of the pretious Sonnes of Zion have fledd into a roaring Wildernes to enjoy the Tabernacle of God, and were glad of it, and that wee should under our Vines and Figg trees, not onely enjoy the priviledges of the Gospell, but have the protection and encouragement of the supreme powers of the Nation, our hearts are drawne out to bless the Lord, and pray for the church with David: Psalm 20—The Lord beare thee in the day of trouble; the name of the God of Jacob defend thee; send thee helpe from the sanctuary, and strengthen thee out of Zion, &c. Which Blessing that the Lord may poure upon your Highness' head shall be the prayer of Your most obedient servants and Remembrancers with the Lord.

Signed in the name and with the consent of the Church at Newcastle.—WM. DURANT, Pastor; R. RIGHE, THO: YOUNG, Deacons.

[Signatures of five other ministers and deacons or elders follow.]

At the ejection of 1662, Mr. Durant, who had been "silenced" the year before by Bishop Cosin, cast in his lot with the retiring clergy. Dr. Richard Gilpin, Dr. John Pringle, Henry Leaver, and he became "the four leaders and abettors" of Nonconformity in Newcastle, and upon them the persecuting spirit of the time fell heavily. When the Indulgence of 1672 came out, William Durant applied for a license to be an Independent Teacher at the chapel of the Trinity House, Drs. Gilpin and Pringle to hold Presbyterian services in the Moot Hall, and Henry Leaver to officiate among Presbyterians in the chapel at the end of the Tyne Bridge. Their applications were refused, but a month later they all obtained the necessary permission to preach in private dwelling-houses. Thus were formed four Nonconformist congregations in Newcastle, though neither of them had a special or suitable place of worship.

Mr. Durant's house in Pilgrim Street was situated near the entrance to the great mansion known in after years as Anderson Place. In that abode the stern and unflinching Puritan lived the greater part of his life in Newcastle, and in 1681 died. A few weeks before his death some trouble had occurred at St. Nicholas' respecting the interment of his son Benezers' wife, for in the Burial Register of that church, under date December 10, 1680, we find the entry—"Mary, wife of Benezers Durant, mercht. (who dyed excommunicate), was buried contrary to Act of Parliament for burying in woollen, her husband paying the penalty by that Act required." And now, when the old Puritan had departed, the Church would not acknowledge him. His remains were, however, reverently buried in the garden attached to his house, and there a stone, bearing a Latin inscription, was erected by one of his sons to mark his resting place. By and by the garden was annexed to the mansion, and over the spot where his ashes lay a stable was constructed. In this "Dead Man's Hole," as the stable men called it, the tombstone was preserved, and when Major Anderson acquired the property he found it lying under the staircase leading to the lofts above. From him the Rev. William Turner, pastor of the congregation

which Mr. Durant founded, obtained the precious memorial, and, removing it to his church in Hanover Square, placed it against the outer wall. In that appropriate location it remained till the removal of the congregation in 1854 to their new place of worship, the Church of the Divine Unity, New Bridge Street, where, set up in the vestibule, the filial inscription may still be read:—

Parentis venerandi
Gulielmi Durant A.M.
Ecclesiae Christi
D.V. hac in urbe
Pastoris vigilantissimi
Officii pietatis ergo
Funeri subjacenti
Sepulchrale hocce niarmor
Lx. mae posuit
Johannes Durant F.
Joshuae cap. ult. ver. 29, 30, 32, 33.
1681.

The Cuthbert Ellisons.

EARLY HISTORY OF THE ELLISON FAMILY.

The ancestry of the great local family of Ellison has been traced as far as the beginning of the sixteenth century. A little license, not at all rare in genealogical investigation, would have carried it back to the time of Henry the Third. For in the Pipe Rolls of that monarch's reign the name of "Rob. fil. Elye" frequently appears, and what transition more natural than from Robert, the son of Elye, or Elyas, to Robert Elyason, Elyson, and Ellison? Indeed, two hundred years later, a "Robert Elyson" occurs—Robert Elyson, of Hawkwell, near Stamfordham, whose son, Rowland Elyson, transferred (1494) his share in the town fields of Hawkwell to John Fenwick and others. Hodgson, the historian of Northumberland, who had access to the family archives, and Surtees, the historian of Durham, who was similarly favoured, did not, however, venture to treat either the Hawkwell yeoman, or Robert, son of Elyas, as common progenitors. Both historians commence the pedigree of the Ellisons with Cuthbert Ellison, of Newcastle, who was born about the time that Henry VIII. came to the throne.

It is a notable circumstance that the Ellisons make their appearance in Newcastle history all of a sudden as it were. The books of the Company of Merchant Adventurers of Newcastle contain entries of the apprenticeship of John and Cuthbert Ellison, dated respectively 1523 and 1524; the books of the Trinity House show that in the last-named year "Sir" Robert Ellison was chaplain, and John Ellison an alderman of the fraternity. Six years later, Robert Ellison occurs in the Merchants' books as entering upon his apprenticeship. Thus, in the space of seven years, we have evidence of five Ellisons living in Newcastle, of whom no previous notice occurs—a chaplain, an elder brother of the Trinity House, and three young men just commencing life as merchant adventurers. From that time down to a recent period

members of the family filled conspicuous positions in various spheres of public usefulness. They were governors of the Merchants' Company and justices of the peace, clergymen and military officers, sheriffs, mayors, and members of Parliament. Acquiring landed estate, as at Hebburn and Otterburn, Lintz Green and Gateshead, they founded county families, formed alliances with other great county houses—Carr and Jenison, Clavering and Fenwick, Bates and Lambton—and finally married into the peerage.

The history of the Ellisons is, in great part, the history of Newcastle.

Cuthbert Ellison,

1510-1557.

Cuthbert and Robert have been favourite names in the Ellison family, Cuthbert having the preference. Robert was the name of the chaplain of the Trinity House in 1524, Cuthbert was the name of the common ancestor who was beginning his servitude in the same year, of the master of St. Thomas's Chapel upon Tyne Bridge in 1556, and of numerous other Ellisons, prominent and obscure, down to our own day.

Cuthbert Ellison, the apprentice of 1524, with whom the family pedigree begins, having served his time and taken up his freedom, commenced business in Newcastle as a merchant adventurer. When a muster of the male population of the town capable of bearing and providing arms was taken, in 1539, he was a substantial householder, and appears in the ward of Alderman Thomas Baxter, with Andrew Bewick, the mayor, George Selby, the sheriff, and representatives of the great local families of Ord, Fenwick, Riddell, Shafto, Carr, and Liddell as "well appoynted, with one servant, iaks, bowys, and salletts," ready for the king's service. Introduced to municipal life, he became sheriff at Michaelmas, 1544, and was in office when the Scots won the battle of Ancrum Moor, and the Earl of Hertford, in revenge, marching through Newcastle, destroyed Dunse and Kelso, Melrose and Jedburgh, and laid waste nearly two hundred and fifty Scottish villages. In 1547, when Edward VI. came to the throne, and granted a new charter to the Merchants' Company, he was one of twelve members who were appointed assistant governors of the fraternity. Two years later he was elected governor of the company and Mayor of Newcastle, in which capacity he would probably hear John Knox preach at St. Nicholas', and listen to the great Reformer's trial before the Bishop of Durham, the Council, and congregation, for teaching that the mass was idolatrous. He filled the double office again in 1554, when the Merchants' Company issued their famous bye-law about the apparel of apprentices. It was during this mayoralty that the Bishop of Durham, "for the benefit and commodity" of Newcastle, granted "to Cuthbert Ellison, now Mayor, and to the burgesses of the same town of Newcastle

and their successors, all that his piece of ground or meadow called Salt Meadows, containing by estimation 34 acres of ground, be it more or less, within the county of Durham," &c., for 450 years—a "piece of ground" which, enlarged to 82 acres, the Corporation still retain.

The last act in which Cuthbert Ellison figures is the making of his will. That document, dated February 24, 1556-7, is printed at length in vol. ii. of the Surtees Society's Publications, and exhibits the testator as a man

of wealth, owning houses in the Bigg Market (his residence), the Windaes, Middle Street, and Gowler Rawe, Newcastle, lands at Bamborough, leases of a farmhold and mills at Heworth, half a salt pan, a quantity of plate, &c. When he died is not known, but, as his name appears no more in local history, it is probable that he did not long survive his will-making. On the floor of St. Nicholas' Church a tombstone bearing a merchant's mark and the following inscription, indicated his resting place:—



Jhu have mercy of the sowlle of Cuthbert Ellison, Marchant Adventurer, some tyme mai. of this towne, and Isabell and Anne his wyves and yr children.

Cuthbert Ellison, 1684-1744.

During the next hundred and twenty years, two or three Cuthbert Ellisons lived upon Tyneside who took little or no part in the public movements of their time and locality. There were, for example, Cuthbert, son of the founder, who married Elizabeth Metcalf, of Warkworth, inherited most of his father's estate, became an alderman of Newcastle, and was buried in 1581; Cuthbert, his son (married to a daughter of Christopher Ile), a member of the Merchants' Company, who died in 1626; Cuthbert (son of Robert Ellison, M.P. during the Long Parliament), who married Jane, daughter of William Carr, of Newcastle, and sister of Sir Ralph Carr; and Cuthbert, his son, B.D., who was a Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and died in November, 1719, leaving £500 to his college, and founding prize orations in praise of Charles I. and Archbishop Laud.

Passing over these, we come to Cuthbert Ellison, cousin of the last-named, and a notable cleric and rhymier. His

father was Samuel Ellison, Merchant Adventurer, third son of Robert Ellison, M.P.; his mother, Barbara daughter of Cuthbert Carr; his grandmother, Elizabeth, sister of William Gray, author of the "Chorographia." Baptized on the 27th February, 1683-84, he went as a boy to the Royal Free Grammar School of Newcastle, then under the headmastership of the Rev. John Cotteral. From thence he proceeded to Lincoln College, Oxford (where he took his degrees in arts), and returning to Newcastle obtained from his uncle, Dr. Nathaniel Ellison, vicar of the town, the curacy of All Saints'. At All Saints' he remained till 1722, when he was presented by Talbot, Bishop of Durham, to the vicarage of Stanington, near Morpeth. At Stanington, in February, 1744, he died, and on the 15th of that month he was buried among his ancestors in St. Nicholas' Church, Newcastle.

This Cuthbert Ellison was a man of eccentric, not to say unclerical humour. His celebrity is founded upon a very coarse book published anonymously under the title of "A Most Pleasant Description of Benwel Village, In the County of Northumberland, Intermix'd with several diverting Incidents both Serious and Comical. Divided into Two Books. By Q. Z., late Commoner of Oxon. Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Printed and Sold by John White, 1726. Price 4s." The volume is a small 12mo. of 581 pages, resembling in appearance an old-fashioned hymn-book, and it has for sub-title, "A Merry Description of a Sunday's Trip to Benwel." As originally published, it was dedicated—the first book to Robert Shaftoe, Esq., of Benwell, the second part to Ralph Jenison, Esq., M.P., of Elswick; but shortly after it was issued the author quarrelled with Mr. Jenison, and tore out the second dedication, so that copies containing it are exceedingly rare. The book in any form is now scarce. At Brand's sale, in 1807, a copy with an MS. note by Brand was bought by a Mr. Sancho for £2 12s. 6d.; at the sale of Mr. John Trotter Brockett's books, in 1823, a copy brought 33s., and a perfect edition is worth perhaps three guineas. Truth to tell, however, the scarcity of the volume is its chief merit. Collectors prize it for its rarity, and that is all. Although it contains 2,290 verses of six lines each, amounting altogether to 13,740 lines, there is not a quotable passage in the whole book. Thus it begins:—

Speak, Goddess Muse!
As wond'rous News,
In humble Doggrel Rhimes,
Things yet un-sung
By Mortal Tongue
In North, or Southern Climes.
Let great Renown
Of BENWEL Town
Employ thy tuneful Lays;
If British Wight
Can in just Light
Display her juster Praise.

The final verse, unfortunately, cannot be printed, on account of its coarseness.

After his death, was published "The Babler, in Two Sermons on Acts 17 and 18 preached in St. Nicholas' Church, before the Corporation of Newcastle, May 15th, and Nov. 27th, 1726. Newcastle: 1745. Price 6d." Brand states that he was also the author of an anonymous "Pastoral between Corydon and Thyrsis," in which, under the assumed character of a lover of the clergy, his "Sunday's Trip to Benwel" is censured, though, as the Rev. Hussey Adamson has pointed out, a sort of apology is attempted in the lines—

If I may judge, his work should be defined
A harm unthought, a scandal undesigned.

Cuthbert Ellison, 1783-1860.

Another Cuthbert Ellison, son of Robert Ellison, of Hebburn, and great-grandson of Robert Ellison, of the Long Parliament, was a military officer, and for a short time one of the M.P.'s for Shaftesbury, in Dorsetshire. He died, unmarried, on the 11th October, 1785, aged 87—the oldest general but one in the British army. Of this Cuthbert Ellison little is recorded, and we pass on to the last of his name, Cuthbert Ellison of our own time, the father of Lady Northbourne, and grandfather of the Hon. W. H. James, M.P. for Gateshead. He was the second son of Henry Ellison, Esquire, of



Hebburn Hall and Gateshead Park, by Henrietta, daughter of John Isaacson, of Newcastle, and was born on the 12th of July, 1783. His father died at Bath in October, 1795; his elder brother followed three years later; thus at the age of fifteen he became heir to the valuable estates of the family. Educated at Harrow and Cambridge, he marked out for himself a

political career, and at the general election of 1807, when he was twenty-four years of age, an opportunity arose through which he was enabled to attempt the gratification of his ambition. A political contest of great bitterness



was being fought in the county of Durham, and at the last moment, only a day or two before the nomination, two of the candidates, Sir T. H. Liddell and Rowland Burdon, retired in Mr. Ellison's favour. The fates, or rather the electors, were, however, unpropitious; he did not succeed in realising his wishes. But four years later, having in the meantime (1808) filled the office of High Sheriff for Northumberland, he was fortunate in obtaining a seat as the colleague of Sir Matthew White Ridley in the representation of Newcastle. That was thought to be a thoroughly safe position, and so, for eighteen years, it proved to be.

When George IV. came to the throne, in 1820, Newcastle was in the enjoyment of an unbroken record of forty years' freedom from political strife. The friends of the rising family of Scott determined to break it, and they induced William Scott, son of the future Lord Stowell, to contest the seat. Mr. Ellison had given offence by the exercise of his patronage in some petty local appointment; he had been abroad from ill-health for a time and was still absent; the opportunity seemed to be favourable for an effort to replace him. At the nomination the show of hands was in favour of his colleague and Mr. Scott; when the poll closed, Mr. Scott was nowhere; Mr. Ellison and Sir Matthew were returned by large majorities. In 1825 he was re-elected with Sir Matthew unopposed, and the following year served the office of High Sheriff of the county of

Durham. Upon the accession of William IV. in 1830, Mr. John Hodgson (afterwards Hodgson Hinde) was brought out with the avowed intention of breaking down the Whig influence of the Riddleys. That, however, was too firmly rooted in Newcastle to be disturbed, but the movement so seriously endangered the seat of Mr. Ellison, who was a Liberal-Conservative, that he declined to go to a poll.

Mr. Ellison had married, 21st July, 1804, Isabella Grace, daughter and co-heir of Henry Ibbetson, Esq.,



of St. Anthony's, near Newcastle, and after his retirement from the representation of the town, he withdrew from public life, and devoting himself to the management of his extensive estates, lived to the good old age of 77 years. He died in London on the 13th June, 1860. His family consisted of seven daughters, two of whom died young; the other five were united to representatives of illustrious houses—Isabella Caroline to the fifth Lord Vernon, Louisa to the fourth Earl of Mansfield, Laura Jane to the third Baron Kensington, Henrietta to W. H. Lambton, Esq., brother of the first Earl of Durham, and Sarah Caroline to Sir Walter C. James, Bart., now Lord Northbourne.

For the portraits which accompany this sketch, we are indebted to the kindness of the Hon. W. H. James, M.P.

John Ellison, M.A.,

VICAR OF BEDLINGTON.

The Rev. John Ellison, eldest son of Dr. Nathaniel Ellison, vicar of Newcastle (sixth son of Robert Ellison, M.P. for Newcastle in the Long Parliament), was not a

man of mark in the ordinary meaning of the term. He was a well-to-do clergyman, belonging to a good family, and, it is to be presumed, doing his duty like many other ministers of the Church, faithfully and well. The place which he occupies in local history is due, not so much to his own merits, as to the malign influence of an anonymous versifier who used his name, or rather his office, after he was dead, as a peg upon which to hang a long string of defamatory rhymes, that by virtue of their coarseness attracted attention, and through their pseudonymous character baffled curiosity.

Mr. Ellison was born in Newcastle in December, 1694, a few weeks after his father had been appointed vicar. He was educated, it is supposed, at the Royal Free Grammar School, and went from thence to University College, Oxford, where he took his Arts degrees. The influence of his father and his family soon obtained for him a valuable preferment. In April, 1719, when but a young man of four-and-twenty, he was inducted to the vicarage of Bedlington, and in September, 1725, he was appointed to the curacy of St. Andrew's, Newcastle. Notwithstanding the distance of Bedlington from Newcastle the fortunate holder of both livings was allowed to retain them. Curates were cheap in those days. One at St. Andrew's would be "passing rich" on about forty or fifty pounds a year, and the Vicar of Bedlington could enjoy the remainder. Such methods of holding Church preferment were common enough in his time, and indeed for long after.

Mr. Ellison held the curacy of St. Andrew's for forty-one years, and then retired "in favour of his son," Nathaniel Ellison, afterwards Vicar of Bolam. The vicarage of Bedlington he retained till his death in December, 1773, having then occupied the living for the long period of fifty-four years. By his marriage with Mary, daughter of Richard Jedidiah Bates, of the Milbourne and Holywell family, he had several children, most of whom survived him, amongst them being Nathaniel, above named (father of the late Commissioner Ellison and of the late Peregrine George Ellison, of St. James's, Newcastle); John, a London merchant; Isabella, second wife of the famous Grammar School master, the Rev. Hugh Moises; and Margaret, who married George Clavering, of Greencroft.

Some years before Mr. Ellison's decease appeared the scurrilous pamphlet referred to in the opening paragraph. It was entitled "Parson Jock's Will," but it is better known in its second edition, dated 1765, the title of which runs:—

The Will of a certain Northern Vicar, to which is annex'd a Codicil. "Here's that wou'd sack a City." London: Printed for the Author, and Sold by W. Bunce, in Russell Street, Covent Garden; the Booksellers at Durham and Newcastle-upon-Tyne; W. Tessyman, at York; J. Leake at Bath; Bristol, Tunbridge, &c., &c., MDCCLXV. Price One Shilling and Sixpence.

The frontispiece, here depicted, is supposed to represent Mr. Ellison dressed in full canonicals, with his wig on (which is said to have weighed at least a pound) dictating his will to a lawyer. The lawyer is described



The Vicar's Will.

as suggesting to the vicar that before he deals with money matters it is customary to dispose of "goods of greater worth, as sermons, essays, and old tracts," and then the fun, such as it is, begins:—

Then be it so, cried out the Vicar,
First in the list we'll place Wm. Parker; (1)
To him (as he's so very callous)
I give my lecture on the gallows.

I leave my essay upon Jaw
Unto my rev'rend son-in-law; (2)
And to his wife (3) (the present load)
My smart remarks on large Wm. Boag.
To brother Bob (upon my life) (4)
I give my essay upon strife;
And to my learned brother Nat (5)
My curious sermon on the Bat.

My Art of Building (by his leave)
I give to Master Dicky Grieve (6)
And washballs, too, a curious stock,
Would'st scent the devil and all his flock:
And all my Epicurean Pans
With a Cambrick cloth to wipe his hands:
My beautiful remarks on slaving
I give the wise Sir Thos. Clavering;
And to my jolly friend, Tom Liddell,
My art of playing on the fiddle.
I give my essay upon Bacon
To the facetious Nat. Clayton. (7)

1. William Parker, landlord of the Turk's Head, Newcastle, and afterwards Postmaster.

2. The Rev. Hugh Moises, who married for his third wife, August 15, 1764, (3) Ann, widow of William Boag.

4. Robert Ellison, wine merchant, afterwards of Otterburn.

5. Rev. Nathaniel Ellison, Vicar of Kirkwhelpington, and of Lesbury.

6. Richard Grieve, of Alnwick, the Political Reformer.

7. Curate of St. John's, Newcastle, 1736 to 1786.

I give my family cheese toaster
Unto the Reverend Mr. Brewster; (8)
And to the Reverend Mr. Darch (9)
My curious essay upon Starch.
As to that Pedant, Mr. Hall, (10)
By Jove—I'll give him nouse at all.
To Askew, (11) too (by way of sport)
I give my essay upon port.

I give to Alderman Jack Blackett (12)
My favourite essay upon Claret;
And to my good friend, William Ord, (13)
The use (and so forth) of a cord.

To Avison (14) (by way of reading)
I give my essay on good breeding;
Then to his wife, the gentle Kitty,
My doleful essay upon pity;
And to his matchless children three
My quaint remarks on Tyburn tree.

But as to all my stock of wealth,
By G—— I'll keep that to myself.—
Sign'd, seal'd, delivered in Sixty-One,
By me, the Vicar of Bedlington.

The codicil is much longer than the will, more scurrilous, and therefore less quotable. Upon Avison, Matthew Ridley, the Claytons, Sir Thomas Clavering, the Duke of Northumberland, and one or two others, the writer discharged copious venom with little regard to decency, and less for either rhyme or sense. Who he was has never been ascertained. Nobody would admit having written such trash. An attempt was made to fasten it upon the Rev. William Cooper (son of William Cooper, M.D., Newcastle, by Mary Grey, of the Howick family), but by advertisement in the *Newcastle Courant* of the 7th December, 1765, he disowned the impeachment. So the author's secret died with him, and the pamphlet itself would probably have died out of remembrance if some local printer had not in the year 1824 issued an anonymous reprint of it.

Mr. Ellison does not appear to have indulged in the luxury of authorship himself, not even to the extent of publishing "by request" a volume of pulpit discourses. The only printed publication that bears his name is a sermon entitled, "Our Obligations to do Good, and the Manner of Doing it. A Sermon preached at the Anniversary Meeting of the Sons of the Clergy within the Diocese of Durham, at St. Nicholas's Church, in Newcastle, on Thursday, the 6th of September, 1750, by John Ellison, &c. Newcastle: Printed and sold by J. White, and to be had of M. Bryson, R. Akenhead, Senr., J. Fleming, J. Barber, and H. Reed, Booksellers, in Newcastle."

8. Assistant curate of St. Andrew's, Newcastle, 1741 to 1750.

9. Vicar of Long Benton, 1757 to 1767.

10. Afternoon lecturer of St. Anne's, Newcastle, 1773 to 1781.

11. Dr. Adam Askew, the famous physician, or, possibly, John Askew, B.A., assistant curate of St. Andrew's, Newcastle, 1756.

12. John Erasmus Blackett, father of Lady Collingwood.

13. William Ord, of Fenham, who is said to have had a passion for hanging himself for amusement.

14. Charles Avison, organist and composer.

Alnwick Abbey.



ABOUT seven hundred and fifty years ago Eustace Fitz-John, the builder of Alnwick Castle, founded an abbey on the north bank of the Alne, on a sheltered spot encircled by a bend of the river which he could probably see from some of the towers of his stronghold. It was titled "The Abbey and Convent of the Blessed Mary of Alnwick." Eustace endowed it with many possessions. These endowments consisted chiefly of land, the services of tenants, five churches in the neighbourhood, with their appendages and tithes, privilege to erect a corn-mill, and a tenth part of all the venison, wild cattle, and boars killed in his forests and parks, and of all the fish taken in his fisheries. To these, from time to time, and from other benefactors, were added further privileges and more property, till in the end the abbey became one of the richest in the land. The abbots were summoned to Parliament as men of consequence; and the community, generally, prospered. For four hundred years, under a succession of thirty abbots, the establishment was maintained, when the suppression of monasteries brought its tenure to a close. A memorandum is preserved in the Close Rolls, stating that Richard Layton,

a Chancery clerk, received a deed of surrender from the abbot, William Hawton, in the chapter-house, on December 22nd, 1539.

A copy of the chronicle of the abbey is still in existence among the Harleian MSS. in the British Museum, which mentions many interesting facts concerning the benefactors of the convent, as, for instance, that Eustace Fitz-John made his clerk, or chaplain, Baldwin, the first abbot; that he and his wife associated the memory of their parents with the foundation; that their son, in his turn, mentioned them when he confirmed their charters of endowment; and that he eventually retired to the convent, and was buried near the chapter-house door by the side of Burga, his wife. It also mentions the indebtedness of the pious community to several generations of the Percies, who bestowed upon it many gifts of value. The chronicle further states that the first Earl Percy took the brotherhood of the chapter in 1372, and that his son and two brothers did the same in the following year. There is mention, moreover, of a great banquet, when Walter Hepescote was abbot, in the days of the fifth Lord Percy. This document, which is written in Latin, is printed at length in Hartsborne's "Feudal and Military Antiquities of Northumberland."

Of this ecclesiastical establishment only the gateway remains, if we except a well, and a hedge of yew thought likely from its age and growth to have been planted in those old times. When surrendered to Richard Layton, the Chancery clerk, some portions of it may have been demolished; but there was accommodation enough left for the owners of the site to reside on it in the next century. In 1608, it belonged to a Brandling; in the next century, to the Doubledays; in our own, to the Hewitsons; and, finally, the Dukes of Northumberland purchased the great bulk, if not the whole, of the abbey possessions, as portion after portion was for sale. The remains of the buildings, probably in dilapidation, were removed on the acquirement of their site, and the land was levelled and grown with grass. But six years ago interest was revived in the former existence of the abbey by the discovery of a fine tomb-slab below the surface, and orders were given to make further researches,

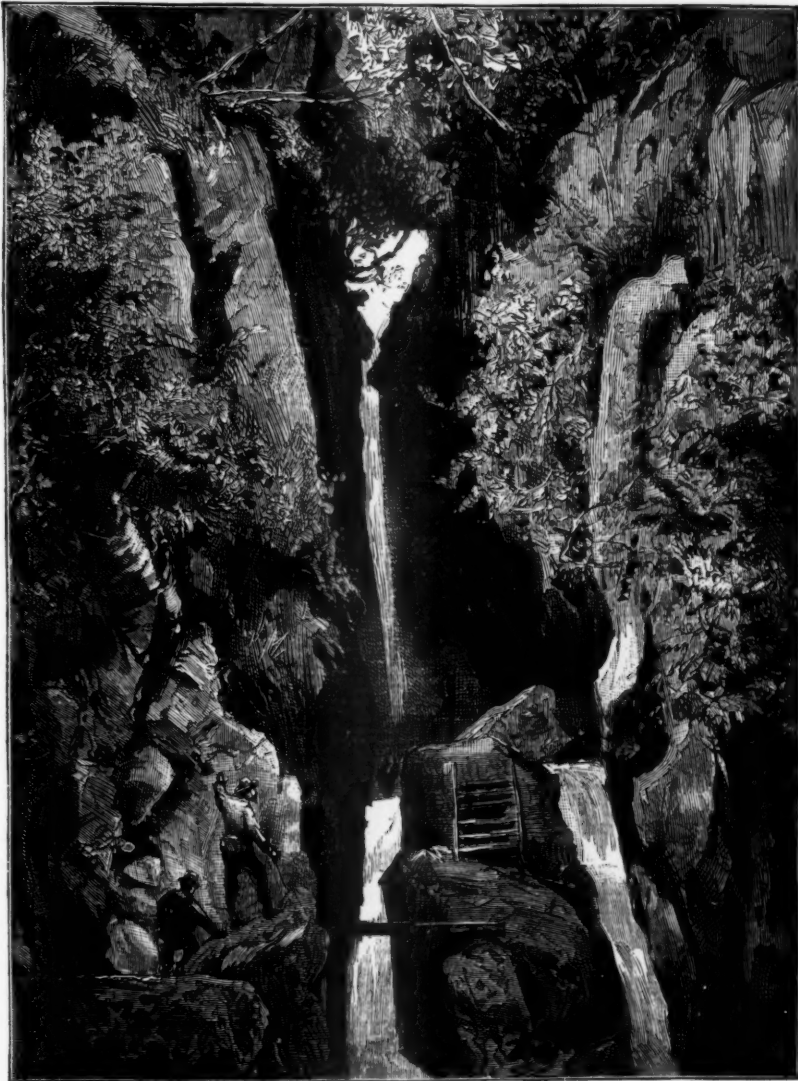


ALNICK ABBEY GATEWAY.

which resulted in tracing most of the foundations of its walls. Edgings of cement have been placed on the ground-lines of these foundations, that the grass may not obliterate them again. We may, therefore, examine the situation of the cloisters, note the fine size of the church, the proximity of the chapter-house, and puzzle over the purposes of the numerous other buildings disclosed.

The great gateway, though probably nearly new at the surrender, is yet old enough to be furnished with means of defence. It is embattled and machicolated. It con-

sists of a great covered archway with a lofty chamber above it, and a tower at each angle. In these four towers are small chambers or closets, and in two of them stone stairs, one from the ground to the large chamber mentioned, and the other from the ground to the roof. The windows have mullions, transoms, and tracery, and are finished with labels terminating with angels bearing shields. There are niches placed for ornament; as well as shields, displaying the arms of the De Vescies and Percies. The archway passes from north to south. Our view represents the eastern front. The low four-centred




DUNGEON GILL FORCE, LANGDALE, LAKE DISTRICT.

arch on this side has also a label with angels for terminals. From the roof, the seclusion of the site, the curve of the river, and the luxuriance of the foliage of the trees dotting the low-lying meadow land so pleasantly sheltered by the banks and slopes around, are strikingly apparent.

S. W.

Dungeon Gill Force.

NE of the sights of the English Lake District is Dungeon Gill Force. If visitors who climb the rocky ravine experience a certain amount of disappointment on first beholding the object of their journey, they may derive consolation from the fact that the beauties of the fall have been sung by two great poets—Wordsworth and Coleridge. The former tells a story of two “idle shepherd boys” playing on “pipes of sycamore” beneath a rock overlooking Dungeon Gill. One boy challenges the other to a feat of daring:—

“Now cross where I shall cross—come on,
And follow me where I shall lead”—
The other took him at his word;
But did not like the deed.
It was a spot which you may see
If ever you to Langdale go—
Into a chasm, a mighty block
Hath fall’n, and made a bridge of rock:
The gulf is deep below,
And in a basin, black and small,
Receives a lofty waterfall.
With staff in hand, across the cleft
The challenger began his march;
And now, all eyes and feet, hath gain’d
The middle of the arch.
When list! he hears a piteous moan—
Again!—his heart within him dies—
His pulse is stopp’d, his breath is lost,
He totters, pale as any ghost,
And, looking down, he spies
A lamb, that in the pool is pent
Within that black and frightful rent.

When he had learnt what thing it was.
That sent this rueful cry, I ween,
The boy recovered heart, and told
The sight which he had seen.
Both gladly now deferr’d their task;
Nor was there wanting other aid:—
A Poet, one who loves the brooks
Far better than the sages’ books,
By chance had thither stray’d;
And there the helpless lamb he found,
By those huge rocks encompass’d round.

He drew it gently from the pool,
And brought it forth into the light;
The shepherds met him with his charge,
An unexpected sight!
Into their arms the lamb they took,
Said they, “He’s neither maim’d nor scarr’d.”
Then up the steep ascent they hied,
And placed him at his mother’s side;
And gently did the Bard
Those idle shepherd boys upbraid,
And bade them better mind their trade.


Coleridge’s lines refer to a legend of the locality, and run thus:—

In Langdale Pike and Witch’s Lair,
And Dungeon Ghyll as foully rent,

With rope of rocks and bells of air,
Three sinful sextons’ ghosts are pent,
Who all give back, one after t’other,
The death-note to their living brother;
And oft, too, by their knell offended,
Just as their one! two! three! is ended,
The devil mocks their doleful tale
With a merry peal from Borrodale.

The force is fed by a stream which issues from between the Langdale Pikes. The quantity of water is inconsiderable; but the aspect of the cleft, which is only nine feet in width, is gloomy in the extreme. The feature which distinguishes the force from others in Lakeland is the natural arch that spans it, formed by two rocks which have been doubtless rolled into the position from neighbouring heights during some mighty convulsion of nature. Adventurous young people of both sexes, like the “idle shepherd boys” in Wordsworth’s poem, have crossed the bridge; but the feat is not unattended with danger. By far the best view of the waterfall is obtained from below. It is from this point that our sketch on the previous page has been taken.

The Hermit of Warkworth.

ALES of eremites or hermits are found on every page of mediæval history, from the days of Augustine to those of “Tom Tiddler’s Ground.” In the majority of cases disappointed affection or baffled ambition has led men to retire from the world’s routine into a sort of semi-solitude; and with few exceptions hermits have professedly devoted themselves to a life of holy meditation and prayer. In England, and also in some other countries, these religious “solitaries” were specially licensed by the Crown, under which gaberlunzie sort of charter the pious lieges of the locality in which the retreat had been fixed were encouraged and urged to make the temporal wants of the holy man their sacred care. But as this casual pittance was apt to prove irregular, the holy men generally fixed upon some spot near well-stocked rivers or in the depths of forests abounding in game, so that the default of piety might be made good by skill and toil. There have been many famous and some little known hermits in the North of England. When the old Tyne Bridge was pulled down, above a century ago, there was discovered the wasted skeleton of one who had long lived the life of an anchorite—a sort of Simeon Stylites—in a little den on one of the pillars of the bridge. Tradition says that he died there some 400 years ago. Not much more than a century back there lived in Gateshead one Edward Train, who through a love-blight was led to separate himself from the world and its luxurious habits so far as to live in his garden instead of his house, and never go to bed for twenty years. But perhaps the best known story of hermit life in the North is connected with Warkworth

and the Coquet, although it is difficult to say how much is truth and how much is fable in the story as it is now enshrined in Percy's exquisite ballad.

By patent from the ancient Earls of Northumberland, a chanting priest was maintained in the Warkworth Hermitage down to the time of the dissolution of the monasteries by Henry VIII. The last patent was granted in 1532 by the sixth Earl of Northumberland; but because it was a private and continuing benefaction in the shape of a voluntary charge on the rent roll of the Percy, there was no formal sequestration of the endowment—only a simple relapse to the lords of the manor; consequently, there is no public memorial of the nature and objects of the modest establishment in its original form. The tale, however, was told from sire to son substantially as the balladist has rendered it, and the subsidy of the noble Percy must be regarded as a voucher for the singular worth of the recluse who made the Hermitage his oratory while he lived his life of tearful expiation, and his memorial when he had left this vale of weeping behind him for ever.

Sweeter spot for retreat from the world, meditation, and prayer could not be found in all the North Country than that wherein nestles the Hermitage of Warkworth. The silver Coquet glides gently along the base of the rock in which the romantic chapel has been patiently wrought with skilful hands, with loving care, and with holy purpose. The site is embowered amidst rich foliage, and the lapsing centuries have each bequeathed some touch of mournful beauty to the ruins, while gently crumbling them to waste and dust. The lonely watcher in this rocky cell escaped the notice of merry huntsman and marching soldiery; but he could look upon the fair landscape beyond the stream, and follow afar with his gaze the wanderings of the quiet and beautiful river. Generation after generation of suffering and sinful men has sent its quota of wistful visitors to explore the sacred cave, and few of those who have climbed into its strange recess could say that they had no wish to know the legend of the builder of this forest sanctuary. How came the thought of such a place into heart of man? The days of deep faith and ecstatic religion witnessed, as we have said, many such experiments to sever the ties that bind man to his kind and his age. In the village hard by, almost beneath the shadow of the once princely castle, there was a convent cell—a place of summer retreat, or a chantry of special sanctity, connected with the monastery of Durham, or, perchance, of Lindisfarne. But, if tradition tells true, the sequestered Hermitage on the river bank had a solemnity and romance in its origin that were lacking to the sister cell nearer the sea. There is, however, but little matter of fact to serve as a thread for the pearls of poetic fancy strung together by the famous Dr. Percy; but, indeed, it is neither easy nor pleasant to discriminate between the old tale of the Hermit and the beautiful ballad by which it is now com-

pletely superseded. To analyse and criticise such a myth would be like grasping the rainbow-tinted bubble as it floats slowly heavenward. But we can add a sober tint of fact, perhaps, without marring the poetic interest of the story as told in the ballad.

Sir Bertram was a knight in the retinue of Percy, handsome, valiant, all ways accomplished, universally beloved, but singled out for special affection by the great lord whose banner he followed alike to the feast and the fray wherever it was unfurled. He owned great estates within sight of the spot where a sad mischance doomed him to spend the remnant of his days. He was worthy of the fairest damsel in the shire, and, emboldened by the encouragement of his liege lord, he sought the hand of Isabel, daughter of the Lord of Widdrington. The father gave his consent to the suit of the brave Sir Bertram, and it seemed that the maiden, though coy and wilful, cast no unkindly glance upon her anxious suitor. But she dallied with her true knight's passion, holding him captive thereby as if with chain of gossamer that he could have broken, but loved too well to break. She had been taught that maiden's love, lightly won, was ever lightly thought of; and she would test her gallant's worth and vows before she blessed him with her trust. She was wilful in her sport with Bertram's deep affection, yet her heart was neither cold nor all untouched. It was the sprightly girlhood budding into womanly strength and graciousness, and the angel of love as yet nestled in the shade of fancy. Her father, the good old Knight of Widdrington, loved his daughter, and would fain have crowned the faithful suit of his neighbour's son.

Once upon a time Lord Percy made a great feast, bidding the country squires of all degrees to his hospitable halls. The Lord of Widdrington, with his lovely child, and Sir Bertram of the Hill, were among the most welcome and honoured of the party. Wine and wassail were not wanting; and minstrelsy, such as only a Percy could supply and the legends of the Percy inspire, filled the guest chamber with song and the gentle melody of harp. The liveried singers chanted the ancient lays which told of the glories of war and the valiant deeds of Northumbria's mighty lords. These recitals of valour and famous deeds fired the sleeping love of fair Isabel to a wakeful and yearning ambition. Oh! could she but mate with one whose name would thus echo in the songs of distant ages, how happy would she be! And so she singled from her maidens one pleasanter to look upon and smarter of address than many a high-born dame, and, placing in her hands a plumed casque with golden crest, she bade her carry it to Sir Bertram as a token of acceptance of his love—of acceptance, however, only when he should bring it to her feet dented with many a foeman's blow. Sir Bertram was a very star of chivalry. Thrice he kissed the sacred pledge, and in reverent tones vowed to test the helm wherever blows rained fastest in the field. The great Lord Percy would not, for his knightly honour, gainsay

the maiden's bond or hinder his friend and follower from the fray that was to crown his life with joy. So he passed the word; the bugles sounded; the eager warriors marshalled swiftly on fair Alnwick's slopes. The times were wild. Old scores of cruel wrong were waiting to be washed out in blood.

The restless Scots had ravaged the marches and harried the flocks of the Percy. Now was the hour of reprisals, and in the struggle young Bertram was to win fresh fame and a darling bride. Not long had they to look. The Douglas were never far to seek when a Percy was the seeker. Sir Bertram sees the clustering foes, and at his chieftain's summons rushes to the strife. Short and sharp is the shock. His stalwart arm wields a trusty blade, and he mows down his foes like poppies in a field. But they gather round him, press upon him, hem him in on every side, until a giant hand is lifted and a deadly blow cleaves the shield he bears. A second blow cuts through the golden crest and iron casque. He totters, faint and stunned. Down upon the sword he falls, his rich blood bedabbling the trodden grass. Then "Ho! to the rescue!" good Lord Percy cries, and his yeomen sweep like the wind, scattering the crowd that gathers densely round the fallen knight. They take him up tenderly, and laying him on their shields carry him forth to the safe retreat of Wark. The old Knight of Widdrington had witnessed the gallant deeds of his daughter's lover, and now, when he looked upon his stricken form so white and weak, he solaced him with the promise that Isabel herself should be his nurse and soon his wife. But the coy maiden—why came she not at the bidding of her father to bind up the wounds her own pride had inflicted on her lover?

Come she did not, though the stricken knight looked ever wistfully forth for her pleasant form and listened painfully for her musical step. So he moaned through days of sickness, and tossed in restless fever through the weary nights. Yet his vigorous frame repelled the fever, and the flush of returning health spread across his wan face. Still weak as a child, he rose from his couch, girded on his armour, placed the dented helm on his brow, and went away, through forest and fell, in search of his truant bride. Night had fallen when he reached the hall of Widdrington. With all his strength he thundered at the gate. Long he waited before an aged dame thrust her head from the lattice and asked who was abroad in the dark and silent night. He told his name and errand. The woman shrieked in terror, and with great labour gave him to know that the fair Isabel no sooner heard of his mischance than she bade them caparison her palfrey that she might haste on the wings of penitent love to tend the couch of her faithful knight. She had gone from her father's home with slender retinue, so great was her haste; and her old nurse deemed that she was long since and all these days by the side of her lover. Oh, woe for the day, and woe for the maiden fair,

and woe for her suffering knight! Whither had she gone, and what evil chance had befallen her? Wild beasts and wilder men roamed the forests and the moorland. Could it be that she had fallen a prey to their ravening? would he never see her more? would no gentle fairy, no guardian spirit, guide him to his dear one? To Our Lady of Lindsafarne he lifted up his petition and vows, then sadly bent his steps, he knew not whither, but away through the sombre glades of the forest in search of his lost Isabel.

Sir Bertram had a brother strong, faithful, and fair, who loved and was loved with truest affection. This youth grieved for Sir Bertram's sore affliction, and tendered his services as a searcher for the lost one, thinking only of the solace he might bring to his kinsman. So they parted to make the quest more extensive and thorough. Sir Bertram guessed it was some Scottish earl who had seized his betrothed and borne her away to his distant den. He doffed the well-hacked armour and the dented casque—love's fatal gage of battle—and donned the humble garb now of holy palmer, now of minstrel old and weary. Long and far he roamed, and many a castle did he enter, and many a hut, yet found not what he sought. One day his heart was heavy with dolour, and his limbs were worn with walking. As he sat at rest beneath a flowering thorn, an aged pilgrim passed, and, greeting him with pleasant benison, he started to see a minstrel weeping, it was so rare a sight. He asked him whence and why those tears. Then up rose Bertram and told him how he sought a maiden who had been torn from father and bridegroom on the very eve of her nuptials, and how he had sought her over hill and dale with never a trace or a sound of her flight to console him. Then the aged pilgrim bade him not despair, and told him of a captive maiden in some not distant tower. It might be Isabel. It must, it should be Isabel. So once more with lissome limbs and buoyant heart he went upon his travels. He reached the lonely fort, played his harp before the gate, and charmed the listening menials of the absent lord. The ancient seneschal himself was moved, but, sworn on the holy rood to give no entrance to a stranger till his lord came back, what could he do? He bade the pleasant harpist betake himself to a cave hard by, and there he would bring him meat and wine. And there he rested night by night, plying his sweet minstrelsy at times by day at the castle gate. In the watches of the night he heard the voice of Isabel singing within the song of captivity, and his heart leaped joyously yet angrily within his breast. Another night, and he caught a glimpse of her beauteous form, as of moonbeams through a cloud-rift. Another night, when he would fain have watched, sleep laid him low, and the dawn was high before his dream was ended. But was it ended? Was he not dreaming still? There was the castle wall, gleaming white in the dim morning; there—did his eyes deceive him?—was the lovely Isabel, and she was picking her frightened steps down a silken

ladder, held firm by a waiting knight. Now she is on the sward, and as she grasps the arm of her deliverer she pours out her heart in thanks, and they hurry from the scene. Sir Bertram can scarcely believe his eyes; but the rising day reveals the knight and maiden too plainly for mistake. Enraged, he grasps his poignard and pursues. A few swift strides brings him athwart the course of his rival, and with a yell of vengeance he bids him yield his prize. The stranger turns with equal rage; blow for blow, in mad fury they assail each other; but Sir Bertram's is the stronger arm and sharper weapon—the other falls. Sir Bertram is in the act to strike the fatal blow. The maiden cries—"Stay, stay, Sir Bertram, it is thy brother!" and as she rushes in to save from fratricide, the poignard of the lover strikes her to the heart. Too late, too late, to save the generous brother; for his life was ebbing fast away, and Sir Bertram held in his arms the form of the dying Isabel! Not long she lived, but as she drooped and swooned her sweet life away, she sought to comfort her beloved.

"Bertram," she said, "be comforted,
And live to think on me:
May we in heaven that union prove
Which here was not to be."

"Bertram," she said, "I still was true;
Thou only hadst my heart:
May we hereafter meet in bliss!
We now, alas! must part."

"For thee I left my father's hall,
And flew to thy relief;
When, lo! near Cheviot's fatal hills,
I met a Scottish chief:

"Lord Malcolm's son, whose proffered love
I had refused with scorn;
He slew thy guards and seized on me
Upon that fatal morn."

"And in these dreary hated walls
He kept me close confined,
And fondly sued and warmly pressed
To win me to his mind."

"Each rising morn increased my pain,
Each night increased my fear;
When wandering in this northern garb,
Thy brother found me here."

"He quickly formed his brave design
To set me captive free;
And on the moor his horses wait,
Tied to a neighbouring tree."

"Then haste, my love; escape away,
And for thyself provide;
And sometimes fondly think of her
Who should have been thy bride."

But there was to be no earthly answer to the benediction of the dying bride. "It was sacrilege," thought Sir Bertram, "to take another love into this smitten heart of mine; no human love shall nestle in the ruins of such affection as I did bear my brother and my bride. Stained with the blood of all I loved most dearly in this accursed world, I leave the world for ever. My loved lands and fair castle I consecrate to God and to his poor forever." And so it came to pass that the good Lord Percy, in pity for the broken heart of his faithful follower, gave him a quiet resting-place by the riverside, and in the

frowning moss-clad rock the mournful alien from his kind hewed out a place of rest that might serve him in his stricken life for the death that would be so welcome when it came. There for fifty years he sighed, and wept, and prayed. Ever and again the lords of the Percy would seek his holy retreat to beg a blessing from the holy man, or perchance to add to his scanty store of roots and forest fruits some dainty morsel fitted to soothe his mellowing age. When at last sweet death released the mourner from his life-long penance, the Percy endowed the scene of so much sorrow as a charity, that mass might never be wanting for the man they had loved and mourned in life.

Jingling Geardie's Hole.

IN the *Monthly Chronicle* for July, 1887, (vol. i., page 218) appeared a very interesting article, by Mr. William Brockie, giving an account of this singular cave in the cliff under the Priory of Tynemouth, of the traditions connected therewith, and of an exploration of the hole made "about forty years ago." Curiously enough, I am in the position to place on record an earlier expedition of discovery, conducted, unfortunately, without accurate observation, and described in crude, not to say illiterate, fashion.

Through the kindness of a relative, who is aware of my hereditary predilection for anything curious in connection with local lore and legend, I have before me a dilapidated and much thumbed copy of Bourne's "History of Newcastle-upon-Tyne." The book has evidently belonged to a circulating library of days gone by, kept by "Edward Humble, Corner of Dean Street," and has at an early period been bound interleaved. Advantage has been taken of the space thus provided by successive generations of readers to record contemporary events and fresh information in connection with the adjoining text. Opposite to page 180, on which the Curate of All Hallows' treats of the famous monastery and castle of Tynmouth, an amateur Belzoni of the last century has entered his experiences and impressions of a visit to "the Jingling Man's Hole," doubtless feeling that the history was incomplete without mention of this mysterious feature. The date of the entry is September 21st, 1780, the ink is faded and the writing difficult to decipher, whilst it abounds in capital letters and has no attempt at punctuation; nevertheless, I propose that the anonymous writer shall relate his adventure in his own words. Here is what he says:—

On the side next the German Ocean is a place called by the common people the Jingling Man's Hole which it is pretended was enchanted. Curiosity led me and two more to go, accordingly the 2 August 1778 having provided ourselves with candles, ropes etc. we entered a small arch door going straight forward, turned West a few yards where we found a small square hole sufficient to let only one at once down. Having fixed all ready we

descended one by one and found it to be about twelve foot deep, we crept through a small square hole stoped almost up with stone about 3 yards further we found another but not being able to get further being so choked with stones but throwing several stones to the far end which was about 2½ yards it went down into a low vault—from hence it appears these holes have been to let in air for at the bottom we could plainly discern an arched door—but finding it impossible to get those stones up as it would have been a great fatigue and labour—it is a pity so many boys, nay old people, should constantly be throwing stones down which when I was at Tynemouth about 16 years ago at school if we had as we frequently did throw stones down we could hear it fall down step by step for a considerable time but now if one is thrown down it will fall with a “Todd” (? thud) amongst the rest of them from hence I am certain there has been a way out here from the Garrison we search every part of the Castle to find but could not find any satisfactory one wearied with pursuit we gave over.

Newcastle, Sept. 21st, 1780.

The agreement between this story and Mr. Brockie's remarkable narrative undoubtedly points to its being the same cave which was explored on both occasions. The arched door of the one writer agrees with the entrance partly formed by masonry of the other. The distance to the well is similar, and its depth (12 feet) identical in each narrative, although the one describes the aperture as square, the other as circular. It seems, however, that the earlier explorer penetrated to the greater distance, because the inner “arched door,” which he could plainly discern, although he could not get to it, is not mentioned in the later account. No doubt the mischief which drew forth a protest in 1778 was continued by “many boys” and by adults also in the interim, and three-quarter of a century's accumulation curtailed the opportunity of the more recent and more intelligent observer.

I will only make one further remark, which is with reference to the name popularly applied to this cave. I am inclined to agree with Mr. Brockie that the “Geordy” is comparatively a recent innovation, possibly of the early part of the present century. The school days of the anonymous writer I have quoted take us as far back as the middle of last century, and it will be observed he distinctly states that the name in general acceptance in his time was the Jangling Man's Hole. PERSEVERANTIA.

Mr. Hugh R. Rodham, of North Shields, lately sent to the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* the following copy of an old bill in his possession:—

The Public are respectfully informed that the
SIEUR ABDALLAH
will
ON EASTER TUESDAY, April 13th, 1819,
Display from His
MAGICAL CHAIR
the
WHOLE ENCHANTED SECRET
of
JINGLING MAN'S HOLE.

He will before Sunset astonish every Beholder by producing, by three waves of his Magic Wand, the long-heard-of chest at the Mouth of the Cave. By a second three Waves of the Wand, he will produce the Lady that has been confined since the Reign of Severus, the Roman Emperor. By a third Movement, he will command them from whence they came.

Peace Officers will attend to preserve Tranquillity.

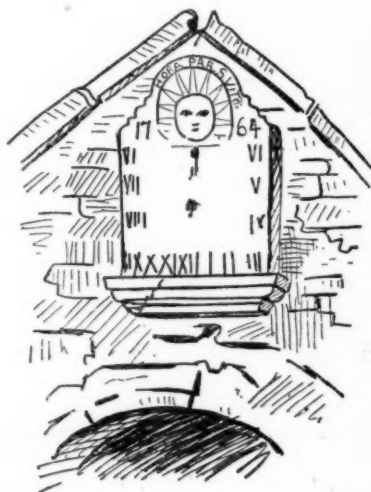
Pollock, Printer, 15, Union Street, North Shields.

Referring to the above announcement, Mr. Horatio A. Adamson, the respected Town Clerk of North Shields, wrote subsequently as follows:—

Some years ago I read the account of how the people of Tynemouth had been hoaxed, and how a great number assembled hoping to see the long hidden chest, but were greatly disappointed at the non-appearance of Sieur Abdallah. I cannot lay my hands on the newspaper account. As a boy I went to visit this cave, and I remember crawling on my hands and knees along a passage until I came to a door blocked up with dirt which I thought would be the entrance to the cave that contained the treasures; but nothing came of it. The old cave is much altered.

Whelpington Church.

FORTY years ago the late Dr. Raine wrote thus:—“The parish of Whelpington occupies upon the map of Northumberland precisely the situation in which, like similar districts in Yorkshire, Durham, and other counties, touching upon either side of the great line of hills, commonly called the Backbone of England, there is not only a great, but almost invariably a beautiful variety of surface—hills gradually sloping downwards, and dying away in level ground; and streams, in general extremely picturesque in themselves and in their accompaniments, struggling to escape from rocks and cliffs



and natural woods, to flow on at ease through pastures and meadows and arable land, which they frequently overflow and enrich by their fertilizing contributions. The village of Whelpington itself stands upon high and dry ground, and is of the usual character of Northumbrian hamlets; its houses mean and straggling, picturesque from their thatch of ling, and giving no external indication

of what they seldom possess—internal comfort. The church . . . is placed upon a sunny elevation in front; and abutting upon the west side of the churchyard are the vicarage house and garden, the latter terminated on the south-west by a rugged precipice, finely fringed with timber, beneath which flows the Wansbeck, that lively streamlet of which Akenside sung."

The church of Whelpington owes its chief interest at the present day to the fact that it still remains just such a church as the ecclesiastical authorities a hundred years ago loved to have. A flat, whitewashed ceiling, square high-backed pews, much like cattle-pens, and of the rudest carpentry of a country village, pulpit and sounding board of the same type of art, flat-headed cottage windows, sashed, and glazed with large square panes, and a large melancholy gallery at the west end, are the predominant characteristics of this church. Such churches as were built in country villages in the eighteenth century were almost always of this type, and rare indeed were even the ancient churches which escaped being transformed to such a pattern. The church at Whelpington is one of the very few that are still left as they were in the days when George III. was a young king.

But the church is ancient, dating from the closing years of the twelfth century. Till the alterations of last century it seems to have been left much as it was when originally built. Its length, even now, is remarkable, although there is evidence that it has been curtailed at its east end. The nave is 68 feet long, and the chancel 34 feet, or 102 feet in all, whilst its greatest breadth is only 20 feet. Hodgson believed it to have "been a cross church," by which he means a church with transepts, and he speaks of "the lower part of the walls of the transept," on the north side, having been "taken up" early in the present century. Such a transept, however, is quite incompatible with the present structure, and must, if it ever existed, have belonged to an earlier edifice. But probably the foundations referred to were those of some outhouse or other extraneous building. Hodgson himself never saw them, and writes about them only from hearsay.

Of the original church the portions now remaining are the north and south walls of the chancel, the north and part of the south wall of the nave, and the lower stages of the tower. The tower is low and massive. Its original buttresses, of slight projection, are still visible at its north-west corner, and on the middle of its north and south sides, but at all the other angles they have been covered by later and extremely heavy buttresses, the latter being rendered necessary by the outward thrust of the vault of the lowest stage. On the west side of the tower there is an original doorway, now partly walled up, and partly open as a window. On the east side, and above the vault, there has been a pointed opening into the nave, the character and purpose of which it is not easy to determine. A portion of it may be seen from the belfry. This arch or doorway, or whatever else it may be, is

adorned with a very peculiar and rude type of chevron moulding. The upper stage of the tower appears to have been rebuilt in the last century.

The nave possesses none of its original features except its south doorway and a solitary lancet light near the east end of the north wall, the position of which entirely dissipates the theory of a north transept. The doorway just mentioned is the best architectural feature in the whole building. Its arch is of two orders, which rest on engaged nook-shafts, in the capitals of which the nail-head moulding appears. The doorway is covered by a porch, as to the date of which I will not hazard a conjecture. Over the porch door is a sun-dial, whereof the gnomon is lost, but the motto, "*Hora pars Vita*" (The Hour is a part of Life), still remains legible, and might have reminded the villagers of Whelpington of an important lesson had it been sensibly inscribed in English.

The chancel has a lancet light, shown in our sketch in its south wall, and beneath this window is a walled-up priests' door. In the interior there are two sedilia at the extreme east end of the south side, in such a position as to show that formerly the chancel extended considerably further eastward.

In the fourteenth century the appropriation of the church of Whelpington passed into the hands of the abbot and convent of the Cistercian house of Newminster, near Morpeth. We are unfortunately not in possession of the whole of the documents relating to the transfer, and there are difficulties in the historical sequence of those that we do possess which it does not seem possible to explain. In 1334, Edward III. granted a license to Gilbert de Umfraville, Earl of Angus, empowering him to assign the advowson and appropriation of Whelpington church to the abbot and convent of Newminster. The reasons given for this grant are "the injuries and destructions which our beloved in Christ, the abbot and convent of Newminster, have suffered by the frequent arrival of the Scots in those parts, coming recently to make war." This grant the monks were able to acquire by paying Umfraville £100, and this sum was supplied to them by Thomas de Heppescotes, then Rector of Morpeth, on the condition that they should find a priest to say mass in Morpeth Church every day, for his health whilst he lived, and for his soul after his death.

The King's grant seems afterwards, for some reason, to have been set aside, and in 1349 we find the abbot and monks petitioning Bishop Hatfield for the same rights in Whelpington Church which it was supposed they had acquired fifteen years before from Umfraville. In their petition, they set forth that their house and other buildings were almost entirely destroyed by fire, through no fault of theirs; and their other places destroyed and reduced to ashes and cinders, by the invasions of the Scots, and various wars and depredations; their goods, of which they were accustomed to live, so consumed and devastated and diminished by recent

pestilence that not sufficient was left wherewith to maintain the professions of their life, nor to rebuild and repair the houses and other places of their monastery, nor even to afford their accustomed hospitality and alms, unless suitable remedy be opportunely provided. The petition mentions that their monastery was situated near the great highways, and that to its gates there was every day a great confluence of noblemen and others needing its hospitalities. For the reasons just stated, Hatfield granted them the appropriation of Whelpington Church; this grant to take effect at the removal or death of the then rector. He reserved to himself and his successors the collation to the vicarage, and provided that the vicar should have a third part of the rectory ground; whereon the first vicar, within six months after his appointment, should have for his residence a suitable house, to be erected at the cost of the abbot and convent, wherein he might be able to live comfortably and receive visitors honourably.

At the dissolution of the monasteries the rectory passed into lay hands. After being held by the Shaftoes, the Delavals, and the Widdringtons, it came into the possession of the Radcliffes of Dilston, and from them passed, with the rest of their estates, to Greenwich Hospital, the commissioners of which sold it, in 1799, to Sir J. E. Swinburne, by whose representative it is now held.

The later history of the Whelpington Church possesses little or no interest. It was, as we have seen, sadly defaced in last century, when the south wall of the nave seems to have been almost entirely rebuilt. Its time of restoration will come, I suppose, sooner or later, when in all probability it will be brought up to the ecclesiastical taste of the present day. Its sashed windows, plain pews, and plaster ceiling will be swept away. Well will it be if what yet remains of really ancient work is not destroyed,

or defaced, or supplanted by modern imitation at the same time.

J. R. BOYLE, F.S.A.

Workington Hall.

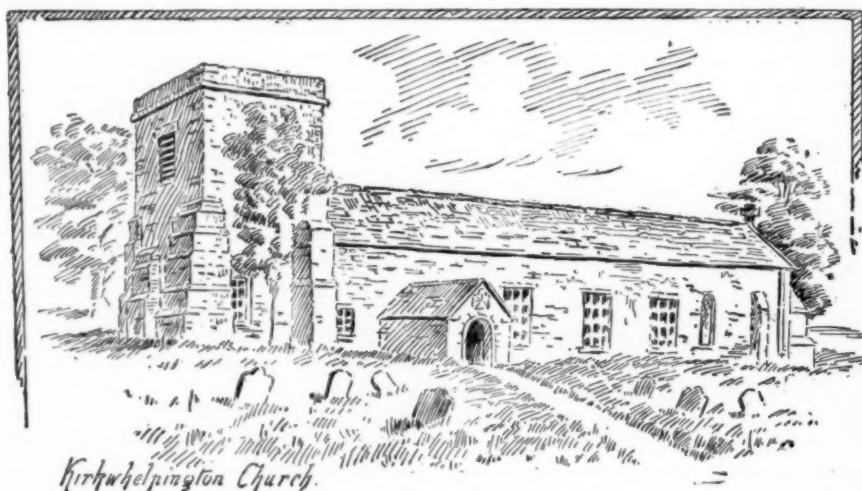


THE modern compiler of the Curwen pedigree in the "Transactions of the Cumberland and Westmoreland Antiquarian and Archaeological Society" complains that "scant justice has hitherto been accorded by the genealogists to the Curwen family . . . a family which for antiquity can be equalled by few and surpassed by none."

If the antiquity of one's family be a matter for pride, then surely the present representative of the Curwens should be proud enough, for he can trace his ancestry back in one long unbroken line for nearly nine hundred years; back indeed to Ethelred II., King of England, called the "Unready," on the one hand, and the Royal House of Scotland on the other; and all along the line are armoured knights, brave warriors, and noble dames.

Workington Hall stands on a slight eminence on the eastward side of the town, and overlooks the Solway Firth as well as the river Derwent. It is of rectangular shape, and dates back to the eleventh century, though the west side with its gateway and some of the interior parts of the hall are the only portions of the original structure now standing.

Entering by the old gateway and the main door, almost the first thing to attract the visitor's notice is a beautiful shield carved in marble and let into the wall at the foot of the grand staircase. This is quite a curiosity, being in fact composed of four distinct coats of arms. The one in the left hand bottom corner is the coat of arms of the



Kirkwelpington Church.

Curwen family, the cockle shells denoting that some of its members had fought in the Holy Wars.

Further up the staircase is a stone medallion of Queen Mary, said to be an authentic portrait.

The "Justice Hall" is at the foot of the grand staircase, a small quadrangle, with the "bar" at which the prisoners stood still preserved, and branching off from it are the cells or dungeons in which the prisoners were confined. Dark, damp, and "uncanny" looking places these, that would take the labour and ingenuity of Monte-Cristo and the Abbé Faria to escape from, the walls being something over eight feet thick.

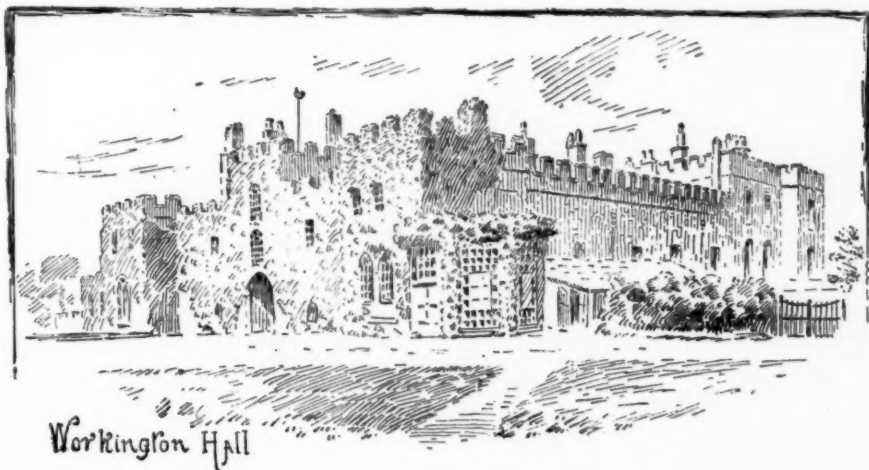
Ascending the staircase once more, we pass a side-face portrait of a lady, which is said to be that of Mary Queen of Scots, but which is so unlike what might be expected from the full face portraits which are so common that the statement seems doubtful. However, the portrait has been in the family for 300 years, and tradition says that it was left at the Hall by the unfortunate Queen when she took temporary refuge there at the time of her flight from Scotland.

Whatever doubt there may be about the portrait, there is none whatever about two other souvenirs of Mary which are kept in the drawing-room, along with many other interesting heirlooms and relics. The first is a small brass clock about six inches high, apparently of French manufacture, which, notwithstanding its age, can yet truthfully tell the time-o'-day. The other is a lovely and delicately veined agate cup. In the "History of Mary Stewart" by her private secretary, Claude Nau, there is the following reference to the Curwens of Workington:—"When the Queen had crossed the sea and was getting out of the boat, she fell to the ground, which many persons accepted as an augury of good success, interpreting it, according to the common form, to mean that she had taken possession of England, to which she

laid claim as a right. She arrived at a small hamlet where supper was being prepared. Lord Herries sent a message to the Laird of Curwen, who was a friend of his, to the effect that he had arrived in England, and had brought with him a young heiress, whom he had carried off in the hope of causing her to marry Curwen's son. Lord Herries asked, therefore, that he might be received in the laird's house. The answer which was returned stated that the laird was in London, but the house was offered by one of the laird's principal servants, amongst whom was a Frenchman, who recognised Her Majesty as soon as she had crossed the threshold, and remarked to Lord Fleming that he had formerly seen the queen in better plight than now. In consequence, the report got abroad, and well nigh four hundred horsemen arrived next morning. Seeing that she was discovered, her Majesty thought it prudent to let it be known that she had come in reliance upon the promise of the Queen of England, who was immediately apprised of her arrival."

Amongst the other relics at Workington Hall is a document (the oldest in the possession of the family), dating back to 1340, granting the family permission to castellate the building. Between 1399 and 1403 William de Curwen had a grant from Henry, Earl of Northumberland, Constable of England, and Hotspur, his son, of all their rights "in the manors of Wykyngton, Seton, and Thornthwaite in Derwent felles." This document, too, is still in possession of the family, and the two great seals upon it are pronounced by competent judges to be the best preserved and most perfect of any in the kingdom.

A sight worth going a long way to see is the lovely mantel-piece in the billiard room. It is of pure white marble, with figures in relief representing Apollo and the Muses. The carving is perfect, even to the most delicate details, though the figures are but a few inches in height; and each goddess is depicted holding some representation



of the art over which she presided—Calliope with stylus and tablets; Melpomene with a dagger; Thalia with a mask, &c. Another mantel-piece of exceeding beauty and value is to be seen in the dining-room. In addition to the figures and fruit which are carved upon it, it has pillars of the almost priceless Derbyshire spar, and is altogether a most magnificent affair. In the billiard room is a portrait of Henry Curwen, known as "Gallop Harry," a dashing young blade who was so attached to James II. that he followed him into exile. He was absent so long that a jury declared him dead, and the next of kin took possession. Not for long, though; for, like Alonzo the Brave or the murdered Banquo, "Gallop Harry" returned, but, unlike them, he came in solid flesh and blood, upset the find of the jury, and ousted the "man in possession." Henry reduced the property considerably by leaving all his estates not entailed to outsiders.

All along the corridors and in the rooms are the portraits of family ancestors, valiant knights in armour, and worthy dames and beautiful damsels in frills, farthingales, and lace. There are two immense portraits of John Christian Curwen and his wife Isabella, which are at present on view in London at the exhibition of modern paintings. This John Christian Curwen is specially remembered for his active Parliamentary life and the great services he rendered to agriculture in the neighbourhood.

In the entrance to the parish church of Workington stands the monumental tomb of Sir Christopher Curwen and Elizabeth his wife. It was this Sir Christopher Curwen who, in July, 1418, formed one of that gallant party who embarked at Portsmouth for France. That his assistance must have been of great value may be gathered from the fact that there is still to be seen at the Hall a deed of Henry V., dated at Rouen, January 30, 1419, granting the castle and domain of Canny, in the province of Caux, "to my good friend and faithful knight Sir Christopher Curwen, for his good services," &c.

It was this same gallant knight who, in 1417, took part in the great tournament on the Castle Green at Carlisle between six English knights, the challengers, and an equal number of Scottish knights. The English company consisted of Ralph de Neville, first Earl of Westmoreland, John, seventh Lord Clifford, Ralph, sixth Lord Greystoke, William, who became fifth Lord Harington, John de Lancaster, and Christopher Curwen, who, "accoutred much as you see him to-day on his monument, ranged himself alongside his fellows, and when the trumpets blared forth the charge, hurled his adversary, Sir Halyburton, from his horse, severely hurt in the neck. It needs but little stretch of the imagination," continues Mr. Jackson, the modern historian of the family, "to see the victorious knight bearing a scarf of scarlet and silver, the colours of Elizabeth de Hudelston, bending to his saddle bow before that fair girl, the hue of whose face was changing from the pallor of terror to the crimson of joy and pride."

The Curwen family are directly connected with Newcastle, for in 1619 Sir Patricus Curwen "married at Houghton House, in the parish of Houghton-le-Spring, Isabella, daughter and co-heiress of Sir George Selby, of Whitehouse, Durham, the representative of a family which had been very successful in trade in Newcastle-on-Tyne, to the mayoralty of which city several of them had risen." His only son Henry was baptised at St. Nicholas' Church, Newcastle, on March 23, 1621.

Well fitted, indeed, is Workington Hall, with its ivy-covered battlements, its splendid associations, its oaken furniture, and relics of by-gone days, to rank among the "stately homes of England." SERGEANT C. HALL.

The Massstroopers.

I.

THE BORDER LINE.



HE present boundary line between North and South Britain is comparatively modern. In former times, the frontier shifted according to the surging tide of war or diplomacy.

For several ages, during the Heptarchy, the Anglo-Danish kingdom of Northumbria, forming a part of what we now call England, included all that portion of Scotland south of the Frith of Forth as far as Stirling, while Cumberland, Westmorland, and North Lancashire were comprehended in the kingdom of Strathclyde or Cumbria, which was an appanage of the Scottish crown, just as Wales now is of England. But in the eleventh century (A.D. 1018), the Lothians, the Merse, and Teviotdale were ceded to Malcolm III., King of Scots, and ever since the Tweed, in its lower part, and a line drawn along the summit of the Cheviot hills, have been the boundary on the East and Middle Marches. On the other hand, William the Conqueror wrenched Cumbria from the Scottish sovereign and incorporated it with England, so that the boundary on the Western March was settled as it has since remained with little intermission, along the line of the Solway, Sark, Esk, Liddell, and Kershope Water. The counties lying on the English side are Northumberland and Cumberland; on the Scottish side, Berwickshire, Roxburghshire, and Dumfriesshire.

THE BRIGANTES.

From the first dawn of authentic history, the wild mountainous and moorish region extending from the sources of the Tyne, Rede, Teviot, and Liddell to the neighbourhood of the Peak of Derbyshire, had been inhabited by a race of restless, turbulent people, known as the Brigantes or Briganda. The name in Welsh signifies "highlander," and is applied by Pausanias to the whole nation of the Caledonians or Scotch Highlanders; while on the Continent, amid the Rhetian and

Cottian Alps, and also among the Cantabrian mountains in the North of Spain, there were likewise tribes known as Brigantes. Those in our part of Britain were partly subdued in A.D. 50, in the reign of the Emperor Claudius, by P. Ostorius, the pro-prætor. Shortly afterwards, however, the Brigantes broke out in open revolt, not only against the Romans, but against their own Queen Cartismandua, whose name, being interpreted, may signify "the darling of two nations." That lady, who seems to have been a bit of a voluptuary as well as a coquette, had treacherously delivered up Caractacus to the Romans, when, after bravely making head against them for many years, he had at length been driven to seek an asylum in her dominions. This disgusted the bulk of her subjects, who took up arms against her, under the generalship of her own husband, Venusius, whom she had wantonly repudiated in order to marry his lieutenant. The Romans marched to Cartismandua's aid, and protected her from the rebels. But the result was only a sort of compromise. Venusius was allowed to retain the kingship which the Brigantes had conferred upon him, but Cartismandua likewise kept her queenhood, while the Romans agreed to defray their own charges. Under the Emperor Vespasian, the Brigantes again misbehaved themselves, and they suffered sore chastisement at the hands of two of his generals, Petilius Cerialis and Julius Frontinus, after whose time they apparently gave the conquerors less trouble. These incidents are interesting, as showing the character of the race from which sprang the Border Mosstroopers of whom we are about to write.

BORDER HARDHOOD AND CUNNING.

For many ages after the departure of the Romans, the country adjoining the Cheviots was a vast waste. Moor, marsh, rock, and forest overspread the surface. The monks from Iona, Melrose, and Lindisfarne found it in this state when they wandered over Northumberland intent on their apostolic mission to the Pagan nations. And five hundred years later, though a sort of incipient civilization had taken root in a few favoured centres, such as Bamborough, Alnwick, Morpeth, Newcastle, and Hexham, the bulk of the people were still as ignorant, rude, and barbarous as before Cuthbert and Paulinus attempted to Christianise them, or Edwin and Oswald ruled beneficently over them. During the Heptarchy, Northumbria was scarcely ever free from invasion, either by the Picts, the Mercians, or the Danes; and from the eleventh to the end of the twelfth century—that is to say, from the establishment of the present boundary between England and Scotland till more than a hundred years after the union of the crowns—there was almost constant disturbance and misrule and misery on the Border. Ruthless wars on a great scale between English and Scots sometimes caused frightful devastations during the earlier part of the time; and these became the source of lasting

ill-will and hatred on both sides, that led to interminable feuds, frays, raids, harryings, burnings, and other outrages as bad as anything ever heard of in any heathen land. As Gray says, in his "Chorographia" (A.D. 1649), "the Scots, their neighbouring enemies, made the inhabitants of Northumberland fierce and hardy, . . . being a most warlike nation, and excellent good light-horsemen, wholly addicting themselves to wars and arms, not a gentleman amongst them that hath not his castle or tower." Nor were their cousins-german on the north side of the Border a whit behind them in turbulent self-reliance. Camden, in his "Britannia" (A.D. 1586), quoting Lesley, Bishop of Ross, tells us the people that inhabited the valleys on the marches of both kingdoms were all cattle stealers. They used to sally out of their own borders in the night, in troops, through unfrequented by-ways and many intricate windings. All the day-time they refreshed themselves and their horses in lurking holes they had pitched upon before, till they arrived in the dark at those places they had a design upon. As soon as they had seized on the booty, they, in like manner, returned home in the night, through blind ways, and fetching many a compass. The more skilful any captain was to pass through those wild deserts, crooked turnings, and deep precipices, in the thickest mists, his reputation was the greater, and he was looked upon as "a man of an excellent head." And they were so very cunning that they seldom had their booty taken from them, unless sometimes when, tracked by sleuth-hounds, or bloodhounds, they might chance to fall into the hands of their adversaries. Being taken, says Camden, "they have so much persuasive eloquence, and so many smooth, insinuating words at command, that, if they do not move their judges, nay, and even their adversaries, notwithstanding the severity of their natures, to have mercy, yet they incite them to admiration and compassion." A curious illustration of this is furnished by a story long current in Peeblesshire.

DICKIE O' THE DEN.

Vietch of Dawick, a man of great strength and bravery, who flourished in the upper part of Tweeddale in the sixteenth century, was on bad terms with a neighbouring landowner, Tweedie of Drumelzier. By some accident, a flock of his sheep had strayed over into Drumelzier's ground, at the time when Dickie o' the Den, a Liddesdale outlaw, was making his rounds in that quarter. Seeing the sheep without a shepherd, Dickie drove them off. Next morning, Dawick, discovering his loss, summoned his servants and retainers, laid a bloodhound upon the traces of the robber, by which they were guided for many miles along "the Thief's Road," up Manor Water, across the head of Meggatdale, and over the Strypes past Herman Law, the Pike, the Black Knowes, and Tudhope Fell, to the head of Billhop Burn and the water of Hermitage. At last, on reaching the banks of the Liddell, not far from the Thief Sike, the dog staid upon

a very large hay stack. This seemingly stupid pause surprised the pursuers not a little; but Dawick, suspecting there was something hidden inside the stack, set to and pulled down some of the hay that seemed to have been recently moved. He soon discovered that the stack was hollow, a *kila* having been artfully constructed within it with fir poles; and there lay the robbers and their spoil, secure, as they fancied, from pursuit. Dawick instantly flew upon Dickie, and was about to pounce him, when the marauder, with much address, protested that he would never have touched a *clout* of them if he had not taken them for Drumzelier's property. This dexterous appeal to Vietch's passions saved Dickie's life.

MAN-HUNTING WITH BLOODHOUNDS.

The parishes were required to keep bloodhounds for the purpose of hunting the freebooters. Many old men who were living in the middle of last century could well remember the time when these ferocious dogs were common. Yet, even with such auxiliaries, it was often found impossible to track the robbers to their retreats among the hills and morasses. For the topography of the country was very imperfectly known. Even after the accession of George the Third, the path over the Cumbrian fells from Borrowdale to Ravenglass was still a secret, carefully kept by the dalesmen, some of whom had probably in their youth escaped from the pursuit of justice by that road. In the Corporation Records of Newcastle, quoted in "Richardson's Reprints," we find, under 1598, that some one who had escaped from the judgment of the Council of the North at York, and fled into the county of Northumberland or Durham, was the cause of some charge to the town, the Mayor having sent in all directions—to Darlington, Stockton, Shields, Seaton Delaval, and Alnwick—in the hope of obtaining tidings of the fugitive. It sounds startling to modern ears that "a sloe-hound and man which led him (went) to make inquiry after him." The powers of one dog were judged sufficient, it seems, in this particular case, with which the Corporation had only to do as an intermediate agency; but two had been obtained, three years before, "to follow the scent and trove of those which broke the town chamber doors," in 1595. Denton, in the county of Northumberland, and Chester-le-Street, in the county of Durham, appear to have been the places where the owners and probably breeders of these hounds lived. Newcastle, not being on the Border, though sufficiently near to be much plagued through its vicinity to it, was perhaps exempted from the bounden duty on the parishes close to Scotland of keeping a sleuthhound of its own. When pursued by these much dreaded brutes, the Border thieves, if they could not reach some impenetrable bog, or get into some impregnable hold, had no chance of escape without fighting for their lives, unless they could throw the dog off the scent by wading up or down a

stream for a good way, or baffle it by spilling blood on the track, which had the effect of destroying for the nonce the creature's discriminating instinct. The injured party and his friends followed the marauders with hound and horse, as if they had been wild beasts. This was called the *hot trod*. He was entitled, by long-standing international Border law, to follow them into the opposite kingdom, if his dog could trace the scent the whole way—a privilege which often led to bloodshed, and which was ultimately withdrawn. The breed of the sleuthhound has long been extinct, or nearly so, in the Border districts. It was kept pure till after the Forty-five in the Highlands of Scotland, where the people called it the "foot-print tracking dog" (*eu luirge*). The last of the breed in the Scottish Lowlands gave a touch of their blood to the Mellerstain fox-hounds, kept by that famous Nimrod of the North, old Mr. Baillie of Jerviswoode. On one occasion, it is said, this pack got upon the scent of a poor wayfaring woman, crossing Earlstown Moor, and had not Andrew Lumsden, the huntsman, called them off in time, they would most likely have treated her as unceremoniously as her progenitors, a couple of hundred years before, would have treated a lifter of cattle or other common thief from Rothbury, Otterburn, Bellingham, or Bewcastle. But the blast of the hunter's horn, which in former times announced the *hot trod*, and summoned the hardy Borderer to rise and follow the fray, is now only heard echoing among the hills when a party of gentlemen-farmers, with a miscellaneous pack of terriers, collies, curs, and half-bred fox-hounds or *jowlers*, assemble to chase the fox which has been making free with their lambs or poultry.

THE BORDER WARDENS AND WARDEN COURTS.

From an early date, during the brief and insecure intervals of peace between the two monarchies, commissioners were appointed from time to time to repress such incursions as were constantly taking place, and to punish the mounted brigands, bandits, or thieves, commonly called *mosstroopers*. The East, Middle, and West Marches respectively had also wardens set over them, whose business it was to decide summarily in all cases of dispute or outrage, in conjunction with the wardens on the other side. The residence of the English warden of the Middle Marches was commonly at Harbottle Castle, on the banks of the Coquet, a fortress held in grand serjeantry, as were likewise the castle and manor of Otterburn, by the service of keeping the dale free from thieves and wolves. This officer, together with the Scottish warden of the opposite march, used, in times of peace, to hold warden courts at certain places on the Border, usually at Heppeth-Gate-Head, or at Gammelspeith, on the Watling Street, near Coquet Head, for the purpose of trying those Englishmen and Scotchmen against whom bills were filed for offences—generally cattle-stealing, assault, and fire-raising—committed by them on the opposite frontier. The

Warden of the Middle Marches had two deputies under him—the keeper of North Tynedale and the keeper of Redesdale—together with two subordinate officers, called warden-serjeants, whose duty it was to serve warrants and apprehend offenders. On the Scotch side, there were similar officers, commonly called country keepers, of Teviotdale, Liddesdale, and the Forest respectively.

CASTLES, PELES, AND BASTLE HOUSES.

Every dwelling in the county of Northumberland, in North Cumberland, in the Merse and Teviotdale, in Liddesdale, Annandale, Ettrick Forest, and Tweeddale, above a mere hut or *shiel*, was obliged in those days to be a tower of defence, if not a regularly fortified castle. Almost all had exploratory turrets on account of the mosstroopers, and they were generally vaulted underneath, for the purpose of securing the flocks and herds of the owner and his tenants and dependents in the hour of assault. Besides the great baronial castles, of which there were several, the number of small castles, *peles*, or *bastle-houses*, belonging to the inferior gentry, was very great. The walls of some of these were nine feet thick, with narrow apertures for windows, and strong doors, either of iron or wood studded with nails, and defended by portcullises. Hugh stones and boiling water were kept in readiness to crush and scald any plunderers who might dare to assail the garrison, whether by night or day. Every evening the sheep were brought in from the hill and the cattle from their pasture, to be secured from robbers in the lower floor of the tower.

COTTAGES, HUTS, AND SHIELS.

Of the houses or rather hovels occupied by the common people, not the least vestige remains, owing to the slender way in which they were constructed. A few upright poles or stakes were fixed in the ground, the open spaces between them being filled with stones and sods or *divots*, layer about, or wattled and plastered with mud or *clatten-clay*, and the roof formed of unpeeled branches of trees, covered with turf or rushes. A cow's hide generally supplied the place of a door. The windows were a mere hole, covered with a rough board at night, or when rain or snow drifted in. There was no grate or chimney, the fire, which was of peat or turf, being lighted on the damp earthen floor, and the smoke passing through a hole in the soot-begrimed roof, which admitted the rain as it fell. The only seats were rude wooden benches, called *lang settles*, with a sort of awning overhead occasionally, to ward falling soot and rain off the Goodman's head—a few clumsy three-legged stools for the lads and lasses to sit on—and two or three crackets, about eighteen inches high, to accommodate the old women and bairns. A single iron pot, with a crook to hang it on, and a few wooden dishes, including perhaps a trencher, completed the culinary apparatus. Men who had a score of cattle, besides sheep and horses, would have only some ten shillings worth of inside gear,

reckoning all they had in their house. When the probability was that the place would be sacked and rifled, if not burned down, before the lapse of a twelvemonth, it would have been folly to build more substantial houses.

ROBBERS PERFORCE.

Bearing these conditions in mind, the reader will see that the Borderers could not well be anything but what they were, utterly lawless. Rude as Red Indians, they were the creatures of circumstances. Subsisting by rapine, which early training and life-long habit made them deem lawful and honourable, they blotted honesty towards strangers out of the list of virtues. But it would be absurd to judge of them by any modern standard of morality; for when war was the normal state of things, and every householder on either side, from Soltra Hill to the Tyne and the Blyth, was liable to be harried any night out of house and home, industry and thrift were out of the question, and predatory habits and tastes were sure to be engendered. With human nature such as it is, it could not be otherwise. Every able-bodied man was a fighting man. Each chief of a clan was a military captain, and more or less of a strategist and diplomatist, according as God had given him ability. A pacific temperament in such a country was wholly out of place. Nor could it with truth be said that honesty was the best policy there. He who could not both strike and thrust, fence and parry, and take what he needed and keep what he had got, was just like a poor sheep among ravening wolves, sure to be torn to pieces and devoured. Most fathers of families were occasionally necessitated to shift for their wives' and children's living by taking advantage of the long moonlight nights to cross the dreary fells in quest of something to eat. Even when there was nominal peace, both sides of the Border were ever and anon desolated by armed bands of marauders, whom the stern necessity of hunger, as well as the almost equally strong impulse of hate, had driven to systematic brigandage.

"RIDE, ROWLEY, RIDE!"

A saying is recorded of an old dowager to her son: "Ride, Rowley, hough's i' the pot!" meaning, "The last piece of beef is in the pot boiling for dinner, and, therefore, it is high time for you to go and fetch more." The Charltons of Hesleyside still possess the spur with which the ladies of that house hinted the necessity of the chief going forth, without an hour's delay, to replenish the exhausted larder. The same mode of housekeeping characterised most of the Border families on both sides.

WAT O' HARDEN.

Old Wat of Harden, up Borthwick Water, the ancestor of the Scotts of Mertoun, Raeburn, and other noble and gentle families of that name, and particularly of Sir Walter Scott, was one of the most renowned freebooters Teviotdale ever produced. He lived about the middle of the sixteenth century, before

the rash-bush had been made to keep the cow, and when it was every man's look out to defend his own head. He used to ride with a numerous band of followers, as rough and reckless as the worst Highland caterans. The spoil which they carried off from England, or from neighbours with whom the laird chanced to be at feud, was concealed in a deep and nearly impervious glen, on the brink of which the tower of Harden stood. From thence the cattle were brought out, one by one, as they were wanted, to supply the laird's rude and plentiful table. When the last bullock had been killed and devoured, it was the lady's custom, just as at Healeyside, to place on the table a dish, which, on being uncovered, was found to contain a pair of clean spurs, a hint to the riders that they must shift for their next meal. Tradition has it that, on one occasion, when the town herd was driving out the cattle to pasture, the old laird heard him call loudly to drive out Harden's cow. "Harden's coo!" echoed the affronted chief: "is it come to that pass? By my faith, they sall sune say Harden's kye!" Accordingly, he sounded his bugle, mounted his horse, set out with his followers, and returned next day with a bow of kye and a basent (brindled) bull. On his way home with his gallant prey, he passed a very large haystack. The thought naturally flashed across his mind that this would be very valuable if he only had it at Harden for winter fodder; but as there was no means of transporting it thither, he was forced to take leave of it with this apostrophe, now proverbial, "By my saul, an ye had but fower feet, ye sudna stand lang there!" The motto of the clan Scott, given in the vernacular, was, "Ye'se want ere I want," and their Latin motto, borne on their coats of arms and signet rings to this day, is "Reparabit cornua Phœbe"—"The

moon will repair her horns"—clear, frosty, moonlight nights being evidently the best for pricking their way across the moors, through the mosses, and over the fells, in search of plunder.

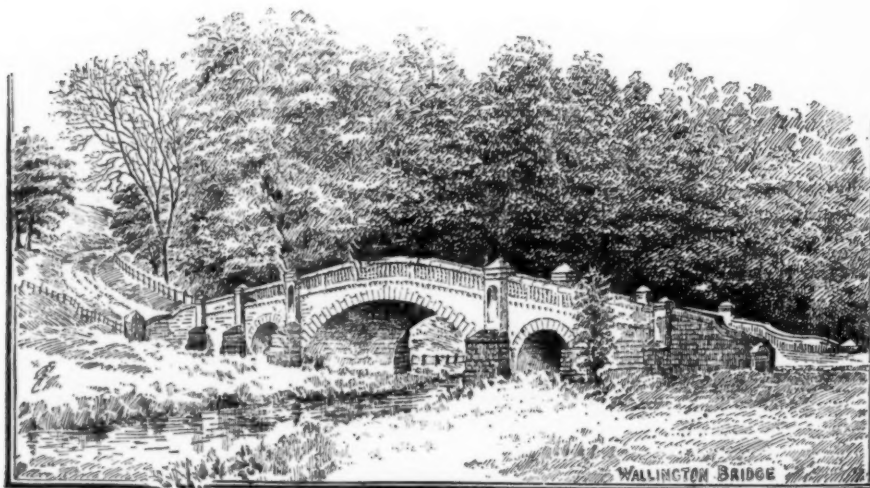
WILLIAM BROOKIE.

Wallington, Northumberland.



SIR JOHN FENWICK, the owner of the manor of Wallington in the time of Henry IV., obtained it from William del Strother, who got it by marriage with the heiress from the family of John Grey, who was its possessor in 1326. A later Sir John Fenwick—he who built the great dining hall in Christ's Hospital—was executed for high treason, and the estate was bought by Sir William Blackett, then of Newcastle. Sir William's granddaughter, Elizabeth Ord, married Sir Walter Calverley, of Calverley, in Yorkshire, and that baronet took the name of Blackett. Sir Walter Blackett left the estate to his only sister Julia, wife of Sir George Trevelyan, of Nettlecombe, Somerset, and on her death to her eldest son, Sir John Trevelyan, his nephew, the great-grandfather of the present baronet, Sir George Otto Trevelyan.

Wallington is not difficult to find. Two roads from the Belsay-to-Kirkwhelpington turnpike, one just north of Shafthoe Crag, and the other a mile or so further north, join shortly before reaching the Wansbeck, and debouch from a country of green hedges and pastures into the beautiful demesne of Wallington quite suddenly. The gently descending road gives a sharp turn, and you find yourself on the very fine stone bridge which crosses the river at a most picturesque spot. From the bridge



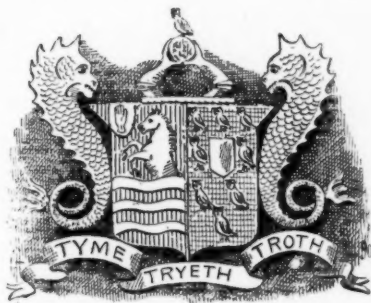
the ground rises sharply straight up the hill that faces us, and on the left we see the beautiful park of Wallington, and the hall higher up, in a cluster of trees, with a commanding view of the valley to the east, west, and south.

First, however, we visit the courtyard behind. It is a large quadrangle, with a block of stables and coach-houses surmounted by a clock tower of very elegant architecture. This courtyard was built by Sir Walter Blackett as a shooting box, and there are yet to be seen on the walls the rings to which the guests from Newcastle fastened their horses. The stables have not been changed, and stand just as they did a hundred and fifty years ago.

The present hall is built on the site of an ancient pele or castle. Some of the walls of the old tower still remain. The hall originally enclosed a small open courtyard, but this is now covered in, so that the interior is not so very dissimilar in plan from the old dwelling house of the Greeks and Romans. It is a plain rectangle, and is totally in opposition to the inclination of modern times, which often sacrifices the utility and comfort of the internal arrangements to an imposing frontage, in order that a splendid external effect may be produced. No effort has been made to give the entrance an important appearance, and, indeed, the pleasing aspect of the building is in no way due to the architecture, but to the fine trees and well-kept lawns which surround it. But if little attention is called to the external view of the house itself, the interior displays rare excellence of

arrangement and beautiful design of decoration and furnishing.

The arms of Sir George Trevelyan—the Wallington Trevelyans—of which we give the accompanying illustration, as taken from the carving in stone above the terrace drawing-room window in the south front of Wallington Hall, are the same as those of the older



branch of Trevelyans—those of Nettlecombe: gules, a demi-horse argent, hoofed and maned or, issuing out of water in base proper, with the motto "Tyme tryeth troth." They were adopted by the first of the Nettlecombe baronets, Sir George, son of George Trevelyan, who suffered so much for his loyalty to the Crown during the civil war.

The principal feature of Wallington is the central







hall, or loggia, the old courtyard covered in and beautifully embellished, so that it now seems like an old Roman or Greek atrium, adapted to the severer climate of the North of England. It rises to the full height of the building, being well lighted from the roof, and around it are placed the dwelling rooms.

On entering, we find ourselves in a rectangular entrance hall, which opens on one side into an adjacent apartment and on another into the colonnade which surrounds the central hall. And it may be remarked here that this is one of the very few houses of any age in the county that is now inhabited in which the rooms are lived in exactly as they were first built, without rearrangement or rebuilding. Passing at once into the grand hall, we are pleasantly surprised at the full light which fills the apartment, flooding in from the top through twelve circular sunlights of clouded glass. In the piers of the colonnade, on both sides of the hall, are introduced a series of most beautiful frescoes by William Bell Scott, representing typical events in various periods of Northumbrian history.

Starting with Roman times, the first picture bears the following inscription:—"Adrianus murum duxit qui barbaros Romanosque divideret," and the scene is that of the Roman wall being built, with Crag Lough and the west Northumbrian moors in the background. The second is a scene bearing the inscription "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth." We are on Holy Island, with the distant Farnes rising from the sea, and King Egfrid and Bishop Trumwine are shown trying to persuade St. Cuthbert to accept the Bishopric of Hexham. The third view is one of the Tyne mouth, where the Danes are seen descending on the coast. In the foreground the men of the place are rushing down in the misty morning to oppose the landing of the invaders, whilst the women hurry up the cliffs, carrying all their movable possessions, children, household implements, &c., to a place of safety. The fourth is a picture of the interior of the old monastery at Jarrow, where the Venerable Bede is finishing his life and his life's work. The grief-stricken monks surround him in his cell, and one of the brethren has just written the last verse of St. John's Gospel at his dictation. The fifth painting—"Ride, Rowley, ride, noo the hough's i' the pot"—shows a Border chieftain's wife demonstrating to her husband and his men that the larder is empty, and that it is time for another foray. This she does by bringing up in the dish which should have held the dinner a large spur, indicating that they must "ride and reive" before they get another repast. The sixth displays the famous Bernard Gilpin, in 1570, preventing a Border feud by taking down the challenge glove in Rothbury Church. The seventh is a representation of Grace Darling's heroic deed, the girl and her father being watched by the survivors from the wreck of the *Forfarshire* on the Farn Islands. The last is a painting of Newcastle in the nineteenth century,

showing the High Level Bridge, and giving specimens of the different industrial toilers that help to make the fame of the city.

Between and above these frescoes are wall paintings and decorations of exquisite elegance, done straight upon the white stone, which takes the colours admirably. Many of these were the work of the present baronet's mother, sister of Lord Macaulay, whilst a neat and careful painting of a corn-flower on one of the walls will perpetuate for future Trevelyan the memory of John Ruskin. Above are medallion portraits of men celebrated in the annals of Northumberland—Hadrian, Severus, Alcuin, Duns Scotus, Bishop Bury, Bishop Ridley, Belted Will Howard, Sir John Fenwick, Lord Derwentwater, Lord Crewe, Sir Walter Blackett, Lord Collingwood, Lords Eldon and Stowell, Thomas Bewick, Earl Grey. Sir Walter Calverley Trevelyan, Sir Charles Edward Trevelyan, and George Stephenson. On the upper part of the wall, too, in the spandrels, are a number of paintings by W. B. Scott, illustrative of "Chevy Chase."

The family portraits at Wallington, which are found around the central hall both upstairs and downstairs and in several rooms in both storeys, are of great interest; they comprise canvases of the Calverleys, of Calverley, near Leeds, the Blacketts, and the Trevelyan, and among them are works by such masters of portraiture as Sir Peter Lely, Gainsborough, Cornelius Jansen, and Sir Joshua Reynolds. The painting of Miss Sukey Trevelyan by Gainsborough (1761) is curious from the fact that it was "touched up" afterwards by Sir Joshua Reynolds. Arthur Young remarked that it was all hat and ruffles—most of Gainsborough's were—and so Miss Sukey's head adornments were painted out, and nothing was left but the natural coiffure. There are also several pictures of the Italian school, including an early painting either by Raphael or Leonardo da Vinci, and others by Petro della Francesca, Lorenzo da Credi, besides which English art is also represented by examples of Turner and Rossetti.

The Trevelyan china is, as a private collection, probably unique, much of it being, in point of fact, priceless. It is a very large collection; and comprises some of the rarest and most perfect of Sévres, Dresden, and English manufactures, and there is some china belonging to extinct British makes which cannot be replaced. Vases, bowls, services, and bric-a-brac of immense value are to be found in almost every room.

Another interesting feature of Wallington was formerly the museum, remarkable for its shells, which were as comprehensive and valuable as any possessed by private individuals at the time they were brought together—early this century. In the museum, as in the china collection, were to be found objects so rare that their places could not be refilled. Among these was a great auk's egg, a thing as inaccessible to any but the most wealthy as first editions of Caxton, tenth century missals, first folio

Shakespeares, or "grand mandarin" vases. Other rarities there were, such as a Scandinavian almanac, a lock from the Faroe Islands, similar in construction to those used by the ancient Egyptians, boots taken from Bonaparte's carriage after Waterloo, an old Exchequer tally, &c. The late Sir Walter Trevelyan added much to this collection, but it was dispersed at his death, the principal objects being presented to the British Museum. The collection was contained in a large upper room at the south side of the house.

But not even a public collection can boast of such interesting personal relics as those of Lord Macaulay, whose sister Sir Charles Trevelyan married. Sir George Trevelyan has, in his private sitting-room, Lord Macaulay's writing table, on which most of the history was written, as well as the inkstand he used. In another room is Lord Macaulay's bed. There are in Lady Trevelyan's sitting-room several of Turner's water colours. In the tapestry room is as elegant and well-preserved a piece of lady's handiwork as could be seen. The tapestry is a beautiful floral design worked by Miss Julia Blackett getting on for two hundred years ago, and yet it has preserved its texture and colour in a most wonderful degree.

These are some of the features of Wallington, a beautiful house in as beautiful a demesne, and the demesne is in a country equally beautiful. The view of it from the high ground at the south side of the Wansbeck, standing surrounded by its hosts of tall, swaying trees, the wooded river below, the picturesquely sloping ground rising up to and above it, and the wild moorlands beyond crowning the prospect, with Rothley Castle, built on the summit of its stately crags, over a hundred years ago, by Sir Walter Blackett, for the simple purpose of lending additional ornament to the landscape, is one that gives entrancing pleasure.

A Nook of the Borderland.



AN adventurous career came to a sudden and melancholy end at Alnwick in the early days of the present year. John George Donkin, as recorded on page 93, finished his earthly pilgrimage in that town on the 4th of January. A member of a well-known Northumbrian family, son of the late Dr. A. S. Donkin (formerly of Newcastle), and grandson of Mr. Samuel Donkin, the celebrated auctioneer, whose curious and eccentric advertisements had caused him to be called the "George Robins of the North," Mr. Donkin was a man of very considerable ability himself. He was, too, a man of wayward and roving disposition. Although he was educated for the medical profession, he seems to have preferred a wandering life. Thus, some years ago, he

took part in the Carlist war in Spain. Afterwards he settled down for a short time in Rothbury, but soon migrated to the Far West of Canada. There he joined the North-Western Mounted Police Force, and remained in the service for some years. Numerous contributions from his pen relating to life in the distant parts of the colony appeared from time to time in the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*. Mr. Donkin returned to England in 1889, published an account of his experiences entitled "Trooper and Redskin in the Far North-West," and wandered hither and thither for a few months till he finally died on the day mentioned at the early age of thirty-seven. Among the fugitive pieces he wrote not long previous to his death was a graphic description of the Cheviot district. It is this paper, which originally appeared in the *Weekly Chronicle* at the beginning of 1889, that is here reprinted.

EDITOR.

I often wonder how many of the dwellers in the Northumbrian lowlands—when they cast their eyes in the direction of the dim, blue outline of the far Cheviots—give a thought to the rich mines of romantic memories hidden away amid those deep glens and pastoral valleys. It is a fairy land of ballad and legend, the land of song, of raid, and foray; the fruitful theme of many a minstrel and raconteur. Almost every foot of ground—brown, heathery moorland, or braeside green with bracken—is hallowed by some tale of bloody feud, when steel-clad mosstroopers rode spear in hand to harry and burn. Vivid pictures rise before the mental vision of solitary pele towers in the darkness of night; the cresset fire blazing from lofty turret; the lowing cattle in the arched vaults; and the stern faces peering forth from under the heavy morions, keeping watch and ward against marauding horsemen from over the Borders.

And what stubborn fights they were! Of course Chevy Chase is familiar to Macaulay's celebrated school-boy. That was a big business, a sort of general engagement, a battle royal. But there were countless lesser skirmishes, so common as to pass unrecorded, like a Saturday night's brawl in Belfast. One of the most famous of these Scottish inroads was the raid of the Kers. What native of Upper Coquetdale does not feel his blood course more swiftly through his veins as he reads Hogg's spirit-stirring verses on that ill-starred expedition? The memory of that bold foray is still preserved in the fact that every left-handed man in the country of the Upper Coquet is styled "Ker-handed." Fifty-one of this celebrated family, "all bred left-handed," rode into Northumberland down by the Usway Burn, and on by Biddlestone to Thropton, where they "lifted" a herd of Widdrington's cattle—Widdrington was Warden of the Middle Marches—with the intention of driving them into Roxburghshire. But they made a "sair mistake." It was a sadly disastrous day for them when they set off from Faldonside upon this determined *razzia*. Their two

leaders, Mark Ker and Tam o' Mossburnford, were slain, and only seventeen sorely wounded men made their way back to their own stronghold.

Of one-and-fifty buirdly Kers,
The very prime men of the clan,
They were only seventeen return'd,
And they were wounded every man.

Forced to abandon their prey during their retreat, they cut the neck sinews of the herd, and left them in a gory heap at Shilmoor, above Alwinton.

That raid it fell on St. Michael's eve,
When the dark harvest nights began;
But the Kers no more overcame that day
While they remained a warlike clan.

It was a reckless dash, worthy of the freebooters of that lawless time!

Over the whole of the Borderland, at one period, there reigned a continual warfare, which only ceased at the union of the two kingdoms. But even then the pastime of cattle-lifting, with its inevitable skirmishes, was not abandoned. All the farm-houses and the very churches were fortified, and the villages were surrounded by triple walls. Indeed, at the present day, old people in the remote hamlets of this region speak of the entrance to their one street as the "town gate," thus preserving the tradition of past fortifications. The Borderers were all, by birth and education, soldiers and foragers. What says Scott?

Not so the Borderer:—bred to war,
He knew the battle's din afar,
And joyed to hear it swell.
His peaceful day was slothful ease;
Nor harp, nor pipe, his ear could please,
Like the loud slogan yell.

But war's the Borderers' game,
Their gain, their glory, their delight,
To sleep the day, maraud the night,
O'er mountain, moss, and moor.

When more meat was required to replenish the larder of one of these reivers, a spur was served up on a dish by the lady of the house, as an intimation that the male members of the household must ride and seek out some cattle from the "other side." Sometimes they preyed on their own countrymen. These mosstroopers all wore the same kind of armour, called a jack; hence the title of jackmen. They acted in war as light cavalry, and were armed with lance and a long sword. Sometimes they carried a species of battle-axe, called a Jeddart staff.

With Jedwood axe at saddle-bow.*

"Each clan was commanded by a Border chief, who, when any of his clansmen sustained injury, was bound to seek revenge, and defend 'all his name, kindred, mountaineers, and upholders,' and, on the other hand, to retaliate whatever the injured party might in their thirst for vengeance commit. By this barbarous system, a ferocious animosity, or, as it has been very appropriately designated, a deadly feud, was cherished on the Borders.

These martial clans were always eager and prepared for war, and at the sound of their slogan were speedily gathered together. It is said of the Borderers, 'that though they would steal without compunction, yet they would not betray any man who trusted in them for all the gold in England and France.' They were very particular in the choice of their wives. It is stated that a stout man would not wed a small woman, however rich she might be. Perhaps this accounts for the extraordinary build and stature and longevity among the hillmen of the present time. Religion was very much at a discount among them. Quaint old Fuller remarks:—"They come to church as seldom as the 29th of February comes in the Kalender." Many rigid laws were made to repress these freebooters, but without avail, until time and the spread of education gradually eradicated the evil.

The hill-shepherds, who have taken the place of those mailed marchmen of Eld, still preserve a character of their own. Tall as the sons of Anak, they may be seen, with plaid on shoulder, stalking over the hills, or driving their fleecy flocks to some fresh district. A quiet, observant race they are, much given to a certain philosophy peculiar to themselves, evolved from their solitary musings among the wild mountains. Battling often with fierce, howling storms, they spend their long, dreary winters far away up the glens, besieged often for weeks with snow, unable to hold any communication whatever with the outer world. Frequently they relieve the monotony by a night's salmon spearing. A shrewd race they are, too, these hillmen, with a singularly grim, quaint sense of humour. In order to create a test case for the courts, the late Mr. Carr-Ellison told one of his tenants to turn a few head of sheep upon some debatable land on the Border line. A little time afterwards, meeting the farmer, he said:—"Well, Thompson, I suppose you turned half-a-dozen sheep or so on to the Plea Shank!" "Oh, no, sor!" was the ingenuous reply, "aa just 'wysed' on fifty score." It requires a Northumbrian mind to appreciate fully the peculiar flavour of this remark.

The whole of the round-topped range of the "Cheviots grey" is devoted to sheep pasturage, and the mossy turf is peculiarly adapted to the production of the fine, well-known wool. There are numerous peat mosses, which furnish the dwellers in this wilderness with their winter fuel. Before the advent of railways, these people lived a most secluded life, seldom straying far from their native heath. There is a legend told regarding the Linnbriggs herd, when he first caught a glimpse of the German Ocean. It was lying hazy and still under a summer noon-day sun, and a few lazy fishing-boats lay without motion on its glassy bosom. "Aye," he exclaimed, "that's a grand blue muir ower there wi' a few scraggy bushes on't. A graund place yon for simmerin' lambs."

* See ante, page 234.

The cottages in this lone Arcadia are hidden away in remote sleepy hollows, while the babbling of some brown burn makes music by the door. The steep hillsides are dotted with the tiny black-faced sheep. The long bracken waves by the side of the brawling stream, dark olive shading into lighter green. In the glory of autumn the purple heather throws its imperial robe over craggy cliff and curving hollow. And here and there in one's wanderings one comes across some great grey homestead, with its folds and byres and out-buildings, where Border hospitality reigns unbounded. It is a hard life they lead, these shepherd swains. Sir Walter Scott well describes the danger of the winter storms in the introduction to the fourth canto of "Marmion." And then he asks:—

Who envies now the shepherd's lot,
His healthy fare, his rural cot,
His summer couch by greenwood tree,
His rustic kirk's loud revelry,
His native hill-notes tuned on high,
To Marion of the blithesome eye;
His crook, his scrip, his oaten reed,
And all Arcadia's golden creed?

A branch of the North British Railway brings the traveller to Rothbury, a prettily-situated market town, lying at the foot of the towering summits of Simonside. Nine miles up the lovely vale of the Coquet is Harbottle, the gateway to this enchanted land—the highlands of Northumberland. It is a delightful little village, with the most romantic surroundings; with pine trees that fringe the heath-clad crags. In its dark and sombre setting of serrated peaks and feathery firs, from certain points it reminds one of some place in the Tyrol or the Schwarzwald. No scene in famed Coquetdale can equal Harbottle for gem-like beauty.

The Coquet is the most beautiful of all Northumbrian rivers; and many are the songs that have been written in its praise. A perfect garland of poetry is woven around its beauties. During the first miles of its sparkling course it is shut in by lofty hills, bare and scarred. Then come level haughs and fertile slopes, till below Weldon Bridge it rushes through woods, and flows on to Hotspur's hold at Warkworth. The views around Harbottle are exquisite. On coming by road from the eastward, and on reaching the edge of the Sharperton Bank, the happy valley bursts at once upon the enraptured eye. The green background of the Cheviots, the woods that wave and climb the lower slopes—brown and purple in autumn or emerald in golden summer light—the sharply-defined ridges stretching from the Drake Stone, the silvery gleam of the winding river, the smooth lawns around the hall, and the grey ruins of the castle, all combine to make a landscape of rare and sweet delight.

In the blest land of heaven, they say,
Are rivers fair beholden,
That by God's throne flow murmuring on
O'er opal sands and golden:
My lot may be those streams to see;
But ah!—dear son and daughter—

Shall I ne'er cast a backward glance
To Coquet's lovely water?

The village houses cluster around the venerable ruins of the ancient keep, giving it an old-world, feudal air. This fortress was in existence as early as the 10th year of William the Conqueror. In the reign of Elizabeth it was in possession of the Crown; and was recommended as the fittest place for the residence of the Warden of the Middle Marches:—

The warden of the Meddell Marches to lye at Herbottell in tyme of warres, and to have accustomed fee for his enterteynment, besides the profotte of the demeanes of Herbottell for keeping of his house, etc. The castell of Herbottell is a most convenient place for the warden at the Meddell Marches to lye at, for the orderyne of the meddemende Contries of Tendale and Reddesdale, which pertene both to that marche.

The walls of this "castell," by their solidity and thickness, attest its former strength. Now very little of them remain; only a few fragments crowning the verdant eminence which overlooks the Coquet. The site is to the north-west of the village. It was dismantled by the Widdringtons to provide building materials for their manor house. Margaret, Queen Dowager of Scotland, resided here in the reign of Henry VIII., and here her daughter, Lady Mary Douglas, was born. The name *Here bottel* is Saxon, signifying the station of the army.

I count it happiness beyond all words to sally forth on a fine breezy morning in the glad time of spring—rod in hand—to spend a day far up the Coquet among the lonesome glens and slumbering mountains. How wildly the blood courses through the veins; how the laughing winds scurry past frolicsome and fast, bearing life in every breath! Scent of springing heather and moorland; perfume of the everlasting hills comes floating by. The fleeting clouds throw shadows evanescent upon the towering acclivities on either side; and the cry of the curlew comes piping over the moss. There is rapture and music in the very air. And after a glorious day of sport and meditation, how pleasant to wander back to the comfort of Cherry Tree Cottage in the blushing, magic hush of the gloaming! And the slipped ease thereafter! Ah—

If life were like a day in June,
As I hae choice o' England wide,
Wha wadna spend the afternoon,
And gloamin' too, by Coquetside?

There are some very charming rambles around Harbottle. One delightful, antepandrial little walk is to stroll down the village, over the swing bridge, up the north side of the river, crossing it again by the upper bridge, and back through the avenue, as the road leading through the pine woods is called. There is a magnificent view from the rising ground on the left bank of the Coquet. The precipitous cliffs opposite are marked with dark hanging woods of oak, and the brawling river rushes over the rocks many feet below. The hoary ruins of the castle crown the smooth green

mount, and from behind the leafy screen the smoke from the village curls gracefully into the air. The nearer range of hills—crag and boulder standing in deep silhouette—rise sombre and clear and sharp; and everywhere the evergreen olive-hued pines climb their slopes. In the far south-eastern distance the faint and misty ridge of Simonside frowns above the billowy curves of the landscape; and to the westward the emerald Cheviots, clad with bracken, lie peaceful and calm under the pellucid sky. Sheep are quietly grazing, and over all is a ruby-golden haze and holy calm. There are many longer excursions from this favoured bower of Nature. You can, in a few hours, reach the remote "high lands" and climb the Windy Gyle, whence a splendid prospect can be had over the whole of the Scottish Border, which is spread like a fertile garden at your feet. Wave on wave of rounded hills are tossed in wild confusion all around. A ride on horseback to Yetholm, with its colony of gipsies—the Faas—is a glorious trip upon a mellow autumn day. Kalewater will vie with Coquet in its piscatorial and artistic seductions. And in the sunset glow of a summer eve you can wander up to the Drake Stone, with its lonely mere; and away into the mystic purple atmosphere of the lonesome moors beyond.

The Drake Stone is a huge mass of rock, thirty feet in height, standing on the backbone of the watershed, about one thousand feet above the level of the sea. No one knows the origin of the name; but no doubt it is a deposit of the glacial period. Antiquaries connect it with Druidical worship; and at one time a custom prevailed of passing sick children over it, to facilitate their recovery.

A deliciously rural road leads from Harbottle to Holystone, a small collection of low thatched houses, buried in a hollow about two miles to the south-east. Here there is St. Mary's Church, and a snug hostelry, the Salmon Inn. This place is commonly known by its Saxon name of Halystane. Very few names are familiar to the Northumbrian peasantry when pronounced as spelled. Alnham in the vernacular becomes Yeldom; Alwinton, Allenton; and so on. Holystone is a very quaint little hamlet, and reminds one very forcibly of Scott's description of Tully-veolan in "Waverley." The sunburnt children sprawl about the straggling, half-ruinous street; and now and then a frenzied sibyl makes a fierce dash and rescues some urchin from the hoofs of a passing horse. "Ma sang; you're warkin' weel for your skelps!" cries she in the Northumbrian dialect, with a sounding burr, to her screaming charge as she bears him off to punishment condign. The windows of the humble cottages, of thick glass, are mere peep-holes; and a deserted look hangs over everything. In Norman times there was a small convent of Benedictine nuns established here. The parish was united to that of Alwinton in the Pontificate of Gregory XI., and this union exists to the present day.

The church stands on the site of the old monastic building. The holy sisterhood were so frequently harassed and pillaged by the Scots that they were compelled to petition the Pope for assistance.

The principal object of a modern pilgrimage to this out-of-the-way place is to visit Our Lady's Well. This is of historic interest. It stands in a grove of firs and laurels near the village, and is an oval basin ten yards by six in area, fed by a copious spring discharging about sixteen gallons of water per minute. The sides of the well are built of stone, and the water is clear as crystal. On the brink is a moss-grown statue of Paulinus in his episcopal robes; but the features have been damaged by vandals. Rising from the centre is a stone cross, bearing upon its pedestal the following inscription:—

In this place Paulinus, the Bishop, baptised 3,000 Northumbrians. Easter, 627.

But we find in the "History of Northumberland" the following remark:—

The tradition is an old one, and there may possibly be some truth in it, though the date is certainly an anachronism, as the venerable bishop was on the Easter Day of 627 A.D. not at *Sancta Petra* (Holy Stone), but at *Sancti Petri* (St. Peter's Church, York).

Away above Harbottle, from Rowhope on the Scottish Border eastward to Welhope, a distance of eleven miles, and from the western extremity of Cheviot southward about eight and a-half miles, stretches a mountainous tract known as Kidland Lordship. Here the Cheviot sheep attain their greatest perfection, grazing upon the sweet, moist herbage which clothes the hillsides. In the unsettled times along the Borderland, when Dick o' the Cow, Kinmont Willie, Jock o' the Side, and other "minions of the moon," ranged this district, the whole area of 11,825 acres was let for £5 per annum. The highest peaks of this region are Cheviot, Cushat Law, Flint Crag, Haydon Law, Maiden Cross, Milkhope, Rookland, Shilmoor, &c. Cairns and the remains of ancient camps are scattered all around.

The Alwine joins the Coquet a mile or so west of Harbottle. At the junction of the two streams stands Alwinton, upon a broad level haugh. Here are two inns, and a church, with the vicarage. Surrounded by Alpine hills, a narrow pass leads up the glen to Scotland. It is a great trysting place for the hill folk; and in the kitchen of the inn may be heard much gossip anent Cheviot ewes and black-faced gimmers. Many anglers stay here during the season. The manor-house of Clennell, only a mile distant up the Alwine, was once a celebrated stronghold. Above the door is a stone bearing the date 1365, though scarcely legible. The walls are between six and seven feet thick in places. In the dungeon below, many a bold reiver has been imprisoned, then taken out and hanged to the nearest tree.

The whole of this Northumbrian Borderland is hallowed with romance, and wears a beauty all its own.

It lacks the magnificence of the Scottish Highlands, but its quiet pastoral simplicity grows upon one's feelings. The Coquet is famed for its trout fishing; and, as I have remarked, its glories have inspired many a poet. And its lassies, too, buxom and fresh as the moorland breezes! I recall to mind the following verses that speak their charms:—

The lassies of Tyne, that fearlessly shine,
Are mirrors of modesty too;
The lassies o' Coquet put a' in their pocket—
Gan ye then to Coquet and woo.

There's wine in the cellars o' Weldon,
If ye ken but the turn of the key;
There are bonny, braw lassies on Coquet,
If ye ken but the blink o' their e'e.

People who scamper away to the Continent, and follow the noisy, beaten track of travel, sometimes little think of the picturesque scenery and "haunts of ancient peace" they have left behind them. And I would here remark that the Northumbrian Borderland is peculiarly adapted to those who wish for a quiet, contemplative holiday. Coquetside is the heart of this little-known region—the Mecca of the true Borderer.

The lambs they are feeding on lonely Shilmoor,
And the breezes blow softly o'er dark Simonside;
The birds they are lilting in every green bower,
And the streams of the Coquet now merrily glide.
The primrose is blooming at Halystane Well,
And the buck's on the Saugh, and the bonny birk tree;
The moorcocks are calling round Harbottle Fell,
And the snaw wreaths are gane frae the Cheviot saie hie.
The mist's on the mountain, the dew's on the spray,
And the lassie has kilted her coats to the knee;
The shepherd he's whistling o'er Barraburn brae,
And the sunbeams are glintin' far over the sea.
Then we'll off to the Coquet, with hook, hair, and heckle,
With our neat taper gads, and our well-belted creels,
And far from the bustle and din o' Newcastle,
Begin the campaign at the streams o' Linnshiels!

JOHN G. DONKIN.

Egglescliffe Church.

EGGLESLIFFE is a quiet and secluded village, clustering for the most part round its own ample green. It is a village of old-fashioned, red-roofed cottages, with deep over-hanging eaves and peaked dormer windows; with doorways overshadowed by trellised porches, and the clambering branches of the honeysuckle and the rose, and with gardens, too, stretching down to the roadway, all well kept, and liberally stocked with the flowers that were favourites in England before tulips were known, and will still be favourites when the passion for orchids shall be a thing of the past.

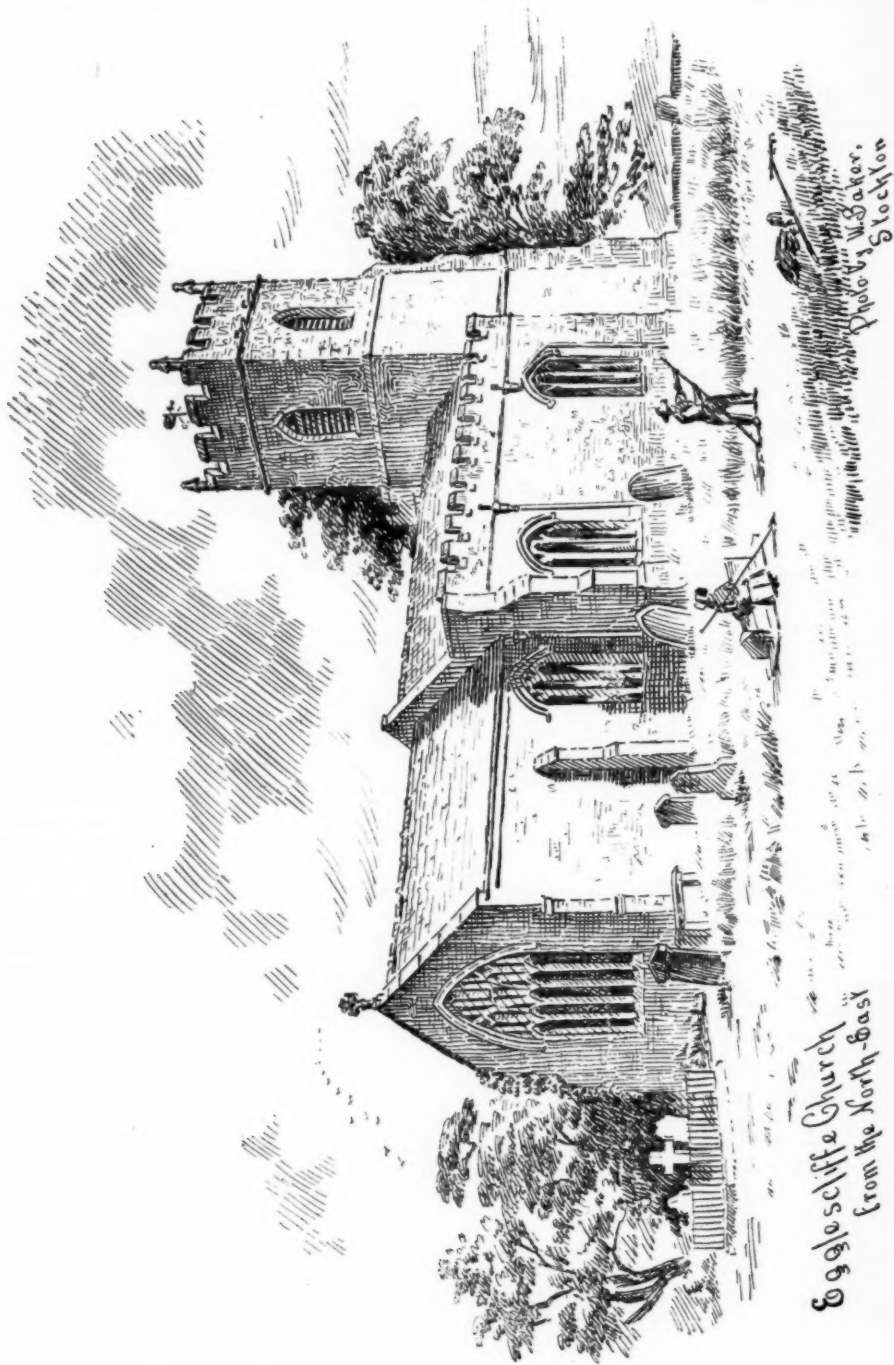
From the village green a road leads past the church and the rectory, over the brow of the hill whence Egglescliffe derives its name, and past the Blue Bell, to the famed Yarm Bridge. Standing on the hill-side, above the inn just named, we have a magnificent view of the

neighbouring reaches of the Tees, of the sleepy old town of Yarm, with its one extravagantly wide street, and its great venerable orchards, of the fertile fields of North Yorkshire stretching away beyond, and of the Cleveland hills in the distance, with Roseberry Topping, really "over-topping" the rest, standing out bold and clear against the sky, or wearing the unmistakable "cap," which has been a weather-warning to the people of the whole district whence it can be seen from time immemorial.

That the latter syllable of the name, Egglescliffe, alludes to the bold, river-side headland on which the village is built, there can be no doubt. The first syllables may be a corruption of *Eccles*, an adapted form of the Latin *ecclesia*, of which we have an example in Ecclesfield in South Yorkshire. In this case the name means "the hill of the church," or "the church-hill." But I am disposed to consider the word as an evidence of the former presence and resort of the eagle.

The records of Egglescliffe church are scanty. We know nothing, in fact, of its early history beyond what is revealed by the architecture of the edifice. It bears, however, most unmistakable evidence of having been built in the early Norman period, or, let us say, about the end of the eleventh century. The most marked and interesting feature of this date is the south doorway of the nave, of which the capitals of the nook-shafts, with their rude but most characteristic sculpture, deserve especial notice. The only other portions of the original church which now remain are the north wall of the nave and the jambs of the chancel arch, but these possess no special features.

The whole chancel was rebuilt in late Perpendicular times, and may safely be ascribed to the latter half of the fifteenth century. The fine east window, of five lights, is filled with clear glass, and the ivy which covers the east and south walls of the chancel is seen through it as a fringe of living green, through which, as the breeze moves gently, the sunlight falls in quivering beams, with peaceful yet incessant change, forming altogether an adornment compared with which the finest stained glass window in the world is poor and meaningless. Long may the unpolluted beams of the morning sun shine through the east window of Egglescliffe church! There are three other windows in the chancel, two in the south wall and one in the north, each of three lights, and all of them, as well as the east window, save for some restoration, are of the same date as the chancel itself. In the south wall, too, there are three sedilia, or priests' seats, and a priest's door. The principals of the chancel roof are of the latter part of the seventeenth century, and may, like much other work of a similar kind in various parts of the same county, be ascribed to the episcopate of Bishop Cosin. Several of the bosses of the roof are angels holding shields, but all the shields are blank. The stall work of the chancel, and



Egglecliffe Church
from the North-East



BRANCEPETH CASTLE.

the chancel screen as well, are of the same period. Within the chancel rails are two old chairs, one of the time of Charles II., and the other of that of Queen Anne.

About the middle of the fourteenth century a chapel was built out on the south side of the nave, to which it is open by two arches, which rest on a central octagonal pillar. This chapel is lighted by two windows in its south wall, each of two lights. Between the windows there is a recess in the wall, in which lies a recumbent stone effigy. The figure is that of a man, apparently of advanced years, dressed from head to foot in ring mail. Over his armour he wears a long surcoat, which is gathered round his waist by a belt. His head rests on two cushions. His right hand grasps the hilt of his sword, whilst his left hand holds the scabbard. His knees are guarded by caps of plate mail, technically called *genouillieres*. He wears spurs, and his feet rest on an animal, which Surtees describes as a lion. Over his left arm is a shield, which is suspended from the right shoulder by a belt. The shield is charged with three lozenges—the arms of the ancient family of Aslakby, formerly lords of Aslakby, now called Aialaby, in the parish of Egglecliffe, and about a mile west of the village. A sort of winged lizard is represented biting the lowest point of the shield. The effigy cannot be assigned to a later date than the early years of the fourteenth century. It is evidently that of some member of the family of Aslakby, but the early descents in the pedigree of that house are too vague to enable us even to hazard a guess as to the name of the Aslakby whom it represents. There is a second effigy in the porch, which bears many points of resemblance to the one just described. Very probably this figure is also that of an Aslakby.

But to return to the chapel. On a desk over the first named effigy are two chained folio books, both considerably dilapidated. One is "The Works of King Charles," and the other Bishop Jewell's famous "Apology."

At or about the time when the chancel was rebuilt, the nave was considerably altered. A doorway, now built up, was inserted in the north wall. There are two windows of the same period also in that wall. At the same time the chancel arch was rebuilt.

The tower is of the fourteenth century. The tracery of all the four belfry windows, each originally of two lights, is broken away. In the west wall of the lowest stage there is an inserted window of Perpendicular character. The belfry contains two bells. One of these, in Lombardic capitals, bears the following inscription:—

SANCTE MARCE ORA PRO NOBIS

(Saint Mark, pray for us). As will be noticed the C's and E's are upside down. A very competent authority on bells says of this one:—"Date probably 1400, perhaps earlier." Very likely it is contemporary with the tower itself. The other bell bears no inscription beyond the date, "1665." The tower staircase is enclosed to the

height of the second stage in a projecting turret at its north-west corner.

The one notable name connected with Egglecliffe is that of Isaac Basire, rector from 1631 to 1676, of whom Mr. Welford gives worthy account in "Men of Mark" (see *Monthly Chronicle*, 1888, p. 193.) Here, however, I may be permitted to add a few sentences, supplementary to Mr. Welford's notice of him.

During the civil wars of Charles I., Egglecliffe and the neighbouring parish of Yarm, on the Yorkshire side of the Tees, were the scenes of more than one important struggle. Tradition has it that the north arch of the ancient bridge was cut away and formed into a draw-bridge, under Basire's direction; and a letter addressed to the rector by Baron Hylton strongly confirms the story. "I desire," he says, "you will be pleased to take the pains to see the bridge drawn every night on Egglecliffe side; which will conduce very much to the country's and your safety." This letter was written on the 14th February, 1643. The Scots appear to have been in possession of Yarm from about the middle of September, 1640, and to have occupied it continuously. Despite the draw-bridge, the Scots entered Egglecliffe, and, in the old rectory, "in the highest story," a place in the wall, "hidden by a sliding panel," used to be shown, in which Basire was secreted when the soldiers were ransacking his house in search of him. He, however, at length fell into their hands, and was confined in Stockton Castle. He escaped, but how I do not know. He fled to France, and remained there and in other parts of the Continent till 1661. His wife stayed at Egglecliffe, tending her young family, watching her husband's interests, and maintaining such intermittent correspondence with him as the troubled times permitted. In one of her letters she tells him that "our dotter Mary is at hom with me . . . I found her all her close and paid Mr. Broune for teaching her on the verginalla." Of one of her sons she says, "John is lerning fast to red a chapte in the Bibel agens Easter, that he may have breches." In another epistle she says, "I prais God I ham very wall, and I cro fat. . . John very much desires to see his father, for he sais he is gon so far as he thinkes he knas not the way bak, or els he wants a hors." One of the sons, Peter, afterwards went to reside in France, whence he writes to his mother, saying, "And I, remembering the good cheese you make; if there be any ships which doe lade coales neare your dwelling or at Newcastle, for to come directly to Roan [i.e. Rouen], I intreate you to send mee one as bigg as the moone."

J. R. BOYLE, F.S.A.

Brancepeth Castle.

BRANCEPETH CASTLE stands about half-way between Durham and Bishop Auckland, not far from the right bank of the Wear. It is a comparatively modern structure; the old castle, which was strongly fortified, and defended by towers and a moat, having been nearly all taken down in the early part of this century, and the present edifice, which is equal in magnificence and grandeur to any of the noble residences in the North of England, erected on its site.

That portion of the old building which was suffered to remain entire contains several fine apartments, particularly the Baron's Hall, which is lighted at the sides by stained-glass windows, and at the west end by a richly painted window, representing, in three beautiful compartments, three different views of the memorable battle of Neville's Cross. These windows were inserted in 1821, by Mr. Collins, of London, one of the chief restorers of the long-lost art of glass-painting. The other windows, by the same hand, contain full-length figures of the first Earl of Westmoreland and his countess, and of the Black Prince and his wife Joanna Beaufort, styled "The Fair." The other apartments, says Mackenzie, "are of a very noble description, and furnished in the most elegant manner."

The old castle was erected, we are told, by a chief of the ancient family of Bulmer, whose descendants were seated here for many generations, till Bertram, their last male representative, died. Bertram's daughter, Emma, married Geoffrey Neville, the grandson of Gilbert de Neville, or Neuville, who came into England with the Conqueror. The issue of this match was a son, Henry, and a daughter, Isabel. Henry, having been in arms with the refractory barons in the seventeenth year of King John, gave a hundred marks to regain the tyrant's favour. As a security for his loyalty, he engaged to forfeit all his possessions, together with his castle, to be held at his Majesty's pleasure. He died without issue in 1227, and his estates devolved upon his sister Isabel, who was espoused by Robert de Fitz Maldred, Lord of Raby, by whom she had a son, Geoffrey, who, in honour of his mother, assumed the surname of Neville. From him sprang that branch whose principal seat was for many ages at Raby, and whose descendants were Earls of Westmoreland. The castle and lordship of Brancepeth continued in the Neville family till they were forfeited by Charles Earl of Westmoreland, and transferred to the Crown, in the thirteenth year of Queen Elizabeth. The castle and its appendages were sold in 1633 by the king's commissioners to Lady Middleton, Abraham Crosselis, and John Jones, who, three years afterwards, conveyed them to Ralph Cole, of Newcastle, a successful son of Vulcan, in trust for his son Nicholas, afterwards

Sir Nicholas Cole, whose son, Sir Ralph Cole, of Kepier, in consideration of £16,000, together with an annuity of £500 secured to himself for life, and £200 to his wife for life if she survived him, conveyed the castle and estate, in 1701, to Sir Henry Bellasyse, who died in 1719, leaving an only son, William. This son died in 1769, when his estates devolved upon his only daughter, and were afterwards devised by her (1774) to Earl Fauconberg, who sold them to John Tempest, from whom they were purchased by William Russell, of Newbottle. Matthew Russell, M.P., William's son and successor, had an only daughter, Emma Maria, who was married on the 9th September, 1828, to Gustavus Frederick John James Hamilton, seventh Viscount Boyne, whose only son, Gustavus Russell Hamilton Russell, eighth Viscount Boyne, has now his residence here.

Brancepeth is supposed to be a corruption of Brawn's Path, in allusion to the number of wild boars which formerly infested the district, and for the purpose of hunting which the Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III., frequently resorted to this place, which belonged to his maternal ancestors, the princely Nevilles. According to an old legend, "a bristled brawn of giant size," which had long laid waste the circumjacent country, was destroyed by one Roger de Ferie or Hodge of Ferry, and gave occasion to the name. This tradition, however, is of a very doubtful nature—not that there were never wild boars more or less numerous in the county of Durham, especially after this part of the kingdom had been turned into a wilderness by William the Conqueror, but because both Brancepeth and the neighbouring township of Brandon seem really to derive their names from the Scottish or Irish abbot and confessor St. Brandon, who is said to have been able to fly through the air in his chariot, and who, moreover, setting sail on the broad Atlantic with his monks, discovered Brazil, if old annalists are to be believed, long before the days of Pedro Alvarez Cabral.

The Brawn of Brancepeth.

WILD boars were at one time common inhabitants of our British forests. The modern names of many localities attest their presence there down to a comparatively recent era.

Thus we have Brandons in Norfolk and Suffolk, Warwickshire and Northumberland, as well as Durham; Branstons in Northumberland and Yorkshire; a Bransdale, a Brandsby, a Brantingham, and a Brandsburton in the latter county; a Branthwaite in Cumberland; a Brandsfee in Bucks; a Bransby in Lincolnshire; a Branscombe in Devon; a Bransford in Worcestershire; a Bransgore in Hants; a Brantham in Suffolk; and Branstons or Braunstons in Leicester and Lincolnshires.

Then we have Wilberfoss or Wilberforce in the East Riding; Wilburton in Cambridgeshire; and Wildboar Clough in Cheshire, near Macclesfield.

It is possible, however, that some of the local names compounded with Brand may refer to the "brave Earl Brand," who, according to an old Northumbrian ballad, courted and ran off with "the king's daughter of fair England," and who was slain, while carrying the princess away, beside the river Doune, after he had killed fourteen of his assailants.

At what time the brawn ceased to exist as a wild animal in Britain is uncertain; but in the tenth and eleventh centuries it was protected by the law.

The adult male, in a wild state, was a solitary animal, and, like all creatures affecting solitude, morose and fierce. When attacked, it defended itself vigorously; and the boldest man, if unarmed, would be glad to get out of its way. A whole neighbourhood was sometimes kept in alarm by one of these ferocious animals, to despatch which was fit undertaking for a dauntless hero. The ancestor of the family of Swinton, in Berwickshire, acquired his lands there through clearing the locality of a number of wild boars with which it was anciently infested.

When the great King Arthur made a sumptuous feast, and held his royal Christmas at Carlisle, the bill of fare, we are told by old chroniclers, was suited to those plentiful old times.

They served up salmon, venison, and wild boars,
By hundreds, and by dozens, and by scores.

How long the boar's head has been the appropriate dish at an English Christmas no man can tell. According to Aubrey, before the Civil War that brought in the Commonwealth, the first dish that was brought to table in gentlemen's houses at Yule was "a boar's head with a lemon in his mouth." The inhabitants of Hornchurch, in Essex, were formerly in the habit of paying their great tithes on Christmas Day, when they were treated by the lessee of the tithes, which belonged to New College, Oxford, with a boar's head dressed, and garnished with bay leaves; as well as with a bull to bait. On Christmas Day, at the Inner Temple, writes a correspondent to Mr. Hone, "service in the church being ended, the gentlemen presently repaired into the hall and breakfasted on brawn, mustard, and malmsey; and at the first course, at dinner, was served up a fair and large boar's head upon a silver platter, with minstrelsy." At Queen's College, Oxford, where a like custom prevails, it is represented by tradition as a commemoration of an act of valour preformed by a student of the college, who, while walking in the neighbouring forest of Shotover, and reading Aristotle, was suddenly attacked by a wild boar. "The furious beast," says Wade, in his "Walks in Oxford," "came open-mouthed upon the youth, who, however, very courageously, and with a happy presence of mind, is

said to have rammed in the volume, and cried *Grazum est!* fairly choking the savage with the sage."

"The Boar or Brawn of Brancepeth," says Surtees, "was a formidable animal, which made his lair on Brandon Hill, and walked the forest in ancient undisputed sovereignty from the Wear to the Gaunless. The marshy and then woody vale extending from Croxdale to Ferrywood was one of the brawn's favourite haunts, affording roots and mast, and a luxurious pleasure of volutation (in plain English wallowing). Near Cleves Cross, Hodge of Ferry, after carefully marking the boar's track, dug a pitfall slightly covered with boughs and turf, and then toiling on his victim by some bait to the treacherous spot stood armed with his good sword across the pitfall, 'At once with hope and fear his heart rebounds.' At length the gallant brute came trotting on his onward path, and, seeing the passage barred, rushed headlong on the vile pitfall. The seal of Roger de Ferie still remains in the Treasury, exhibiting his old antagonist, a boar *passant*."

A large flat coffin-shaped stone in Merrington Churchyard, with a rude cross upon it, having a sword on the dexter and a spade on the sinister side, is supposed to commemorate Hodge's exploit; and perhaps the rustic champion lies under it. Another stone, believed to be the remnant of a cross, stands on the hill near the farm of Cleves Cross, and may have been raised on the same occasion. But more apocryphal is a rough, misshapen stone trough at a house in Ferryhill, which popular tradition declares to have been used by the boar. Mackenzie, in quoting the legend, sarcastically remarks "that the name of the good-natured person to whose courtesy so unwelcome a guest was indebted for the accommodation has not been preserved." True it is, and of verity, nevertheless that Roger de Fery's posterity occur in the freehold records of the locality as late as 1617.

The North-Country Garland of Song.

By John Stokor.

THE MILLER AND HIS SONS.



HE miller has been, from time immemorial, considered fair game for the satirist, and our old English poet, Chaucer, in his description of one of the trade, says:—

A thief he was forsooth of corn and meal,
And that a sly, and usant for to steal.

This allusion to a custom supposed to be peculiar to millers, both ancient and modern, gives the point to the following ballad, which is one of the most popular of the numerous songs written in ridicule of the trade.

Many different versions of it are in existence, and the

tune also varies in different localities. Our version differs both in tune and rhythm from the Lancashire copy, of which it may interest the reader to scan the two last verses:—

Now he called to him his youngest son;
His youngest son was Will.
"On the answer thou does give to me,
Depends who gets the mill."
"Oh! if the mill were mine," said he,
"A living I would mek;
Instead of one-half, I would tek it all
And swear them out o' the seck."
Then owd Jeremy he rose up in bed
To hear him talk so smart,
Saying, "Well done, Will! thou's won the mill,
Thou art the lad o' my heart."
The other two looked rather blue,
And swore it wur too bad;
But little Will he won the mill,
And the devil, he got his dad.

The tune which we give is the one to which the song is sung in the Liddesdale and Border districts, and is taken from the manuscript of the late Mr. James Telfer, of Saughtree, now in the possession of the Antiquarian Society of Newcastle. It is evidently a slightly varied copy of the old tune called "The Oxfordshire Tragedy," which Mr. William Chappell believed to have been one of the ancient ditties used by the minstrels of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries in chanting their lengthy narratives at Christmas dinners and bride-ales.



There was a jolly miller, and he
Had lusty sons, one, two, and three;
He called them all and asked their will
If that to them he left his mill.

He called first to his eldest son,
Saying: "My life is almost run;
If I to you this mill do make,
What toll do you intend to take?"

"Father," says he, "my name is Jack;
Out of a bushel I'll have a peck
From every bushel that I grind,
That I may a good living find."

"Thou art a fool," the old man said,
"Thou hast not well learned thy trade—
This mill to thee I ne'er will give,
For by such toll no man can live."

He called for his middlemost son,
Saying: "My life is almost run;
If I to you this mill do make,
What toll do you intend to take?"

"Father," says he, "my name is Ralph;
Out of a bushel I'll take a half
From every bushel that I grind,
That I may a good living find."

"Thou art a fool," the old man said;
"Thou hast not well learned thy trade—
This mill to thee I ne'er will give,
For by such toll no man can live."

He then called for his youngest son,
Saying: "My life is almost run;
If I to you this mill do make,
What toll do you intend to take?"

"Father," said he, "I'm your only boy,
For taking toll is all my joy.
Before I will a good living lack,
I'll take it all, and forswear the sack!"

"Thou art the boy," the old man said,
"For thou hast right well learned thy trade;
This mill to thee I give," he cried—
And then turned up his toes and died.

Harrison's Description of the North.

PREFIXED to Holinshed's well-known "Chronicles of England, Scotland, and Ireland," there is an extremely curious "Historical Description of the Island of Britain," written by one William Harrison, about whom very little is known. He was a native of London, and was educated at Westminster Hall, when the noted Alexander Nowell was master of that seminary. He afterwards studied at both universities, but in what colleges is not certainly known. He himself says that both Oxford and Cambridge "are so dear to him that he cannot readily tell to which of them he owes most goodwill." After leaving Cambridge, he became domestic chaplain to Sir William Brook, who was Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, and Baron of Cobham in Kent, and from whose patronage it is believed that he received the living of Radwinter in Essex, in February, 1558, which he held till his death in 1592 or 1593. Anthony à Wood says he obtained a canonry of Windsor, and was buried there. He married a Picardian lady, and left several children. Though he was the author of an important topographical work, he does not appear to have been a great traveller. Indeed, in the dedication of his "Historical Description," he says, "I must needs confess, that until now of late, except it were from the parish where I dwell unto your honour in Kent, or out of London, where I was born, unto Oxford and Cambridge, where I have been brought up, I never travelled forty miles forthright and at one journey in all my life."

Harrison's "Description" appears to have been written in the early years of Elizabeth's reign. It is not possible,

within my present limits, to give even the briefest sketch of its contents. They are of the most diversified character. The topography of the country, its social, political, commercial, and ecclesiastical institutions, the habits and customs of the people, the manufactures and resources of the nation, are all described. Indeed, it may be safely said that we possess no picture of England and English life in the days of "Good Queen Bess" which for completeness, accuracy, and abundance of picturesque detail can be compared with Harrison's "Description."

It is, however, with his notices of the "North Countree" that we are now concerned. His topographical account of our island is included in a survey of the course of our rivers and their tributaries. And, although he gives a minute account of every stream which is of sufficient magnitude to be marked on a county map, his references to the character of the district through which it passes, and to the towns and villages located on its banks, are not numerous.

The Tweed he describes as "a noble stream." The Coquet is "a goodly river." The Tyne is "a river notably stored with salmon, and other good fish, and in old time called Alan," and "riseth of two heads"—the North Tyne and the South. In describing the course of the Tyne he mentions Jarrow, which he calls "Jerro or Girwie"—"where Beda dwelled in an abbey—now a gentleman's place, although the church he made a parish church, whereunto diverse towns resort, as Monk Eaton (Monkton), where Beda was born, which is a mile from thence, South Shields, Harton, Westoe, Hebburn, Hedworth, Wardley, Felling, Follonsby, [and] the Hedworths."

After mentioning Corbridge, "a town some time inhabited by the Romans," he gives the following account of the famed "thief and reaver" dales. "In this country are the three vales or dales, whereof men have doubted whether thieves or true men do most abound in them, that is to say, Reedsdale, Tindale, and Liddesdale; this last being for the most part Scottish, and without the Marches of England. Nevertheless, sithens that by the diligence chiefly of Master Gilpin"—the celebrated Bernard of Houghton-le-Spring—"and finally of other learned preachers, the grace of God working with them, they have been called to some obedience and zeal unto the Word, it is found that they have so well profited by the same, that, at this present, their former savage demeanour is very much abated, and their barbarous wildness and fierceness so qualified, that there is great hope left of their reduction unto civility and better order of behaviour than hitherto they have been acquainted withall."

Harrison mentions the Wear as "a river well known unto Beda, the famous priest, who was brought up in a monastery that stood upon the banks thereof," referring, of course, to the monastic house of Monkwearmouth, wherein, there is good reason to believe, Bede spent some

time before his removal to Jarrow. The Tees is spoken of as "a river that beareth and feedeth an excellent salmon."

One of Harrison's chapters is headed "Of the Wall sometime Builded for a Partition between England and the Picts and Scots," meaning what we generally designate the Roman Wall. This great barrier, he says, was "no less famous than that which Anastasius Dicorus made afterwards from the Euxine unto the Thracian Sea." What we know as the vallum, he rightly ascribes to Hadrian, and says it "was made of turf and timber." Of its dimensions he gives a somewhat erroneous account. According to him, it was "four score miles in length, twelve foot in height, and eight in breadth." But as to its purpose he is doubtless correct. It was erected "to divide the barbarous Britons from the more civil sort, which were generally called by the name of Romans over all." In his account of the wall of Severus he makes an amusing mistake, confounding it with that of Antoninus Pius in Scotland. "He (Severus) made another wall (but of stone) between eighty and a hundred miles from the first, and of thirty-two miles in length, reaching on both sides also to the sea." The wall of Antoninus, Harrison imagines, "runneth within the wall, about an arrow shot from that of stone." As he proceeds the confusion increases, for, he tells us, "betwixt Thirlwall and the North Tyne are, also in the waste grounds, many parcels of that wall of Severus yet standing, whereof the common people do babble many things." No wonder that he should add, "This only remaineth certain, that the walls made by Hadrian and Severus were ditched with notable ditches and rampires, made in such wise that the Scottish adversary had much ado to enter and scale the same in his assaults." He sketches the topography of the walls of Hadrian and Severus, and concludes his account of them by saying, "As for the Roman coin that is often found in the course thereof, the curious bricks about the same near unto Carlisle, besides the excellent cornelians and other costly stones already entailed for seals oftentimes taken up in those quarters, I pass them over as not incident to my purpose."

Harrison entitles another of his chapters "Of the Marvels of England." The wonders he enumerates include the fabled windy cavern of the Derbyshire Peak, Stonehenge, Cheddar Cave, the one-eyed fish of the Dee, the dropping and petrifying wells of Knaresborough, and many others. Amongst the rest of his marvels he mentions the famous Hell Kettles, near Darlington, of which he gives the following account:—"What the foolish people dream of the Hell Kettles it is not worthy the rehearsal; yet to the end the lewd opinion conceived of them may grow into contempt I will say thus much also of those pits. There are certain pits, or rather three little pools, a mile from Darlington, and a quarter of a mile distant from the Tees banks, which the people call the Kettles of Hell, or the Devil's Kettles, as if he should

see the souls of sinful men and women in them. They add also, that the spirits have oft been heard to cry and yell about them, with other like talk savouring altogether of Pagan infidelity. The truth is (and of this opinion also was Cuthbert Tunstall, late Bishop of Durham, a man of great learning and judgment), that the coal-mines in those places are kindled, or if there be no coals, there may a mine of some other unctuous matter be set on fire, which being here and there consumed, the earth falleth in, and so doth leave a pit. Indeed, the water is now and then warm, as they say; and besides that, it is not clear. The people suppose them to be a hundred fathoms deep. The biggest of them also hath an issue in the Tees, as experience hath confirmed. For Doctor Bellows, *alias* Belzis, made report how a duck, marked after the fashion of the ducks of the Bishopric of Durham, was put into the same betwixt Darlington and Tees bank, and afterwards seen at a bridge [*i.e.*, Croft Bridge] not far from Master Clervaux's house." (For an account of the Hell Kettles, from the delightful pen of the late James Clephan, see *Monthly Chronicle*, vol. i., p. 353).

Harrison only mentions one other North-Country "marvel." Near St. Oswald's Chapel, above Chollerford, the great battle between Kings Oswald and Cadwalla was fought in the year 635. The victory of the Christian army over that of the Pagans conferred on the place the name of Hefenfelth, *i.e.* Heaven Field. Now, let us hear Harrison:—"If it were worth the noting, I would also make relation of many wooden crosses found very often about Halidon, whereof the old inhabitants conceived an opinion that they were fallen from heaven; whereas, in truth, they were made and borne by King Oswald and his men in the battle, wherein they prevailed sometimes against the British infidels, upon a superstitious imagination that those crosses should be their defence and shield against their adversaries. Beda calleth the place where the said battle was fought Heaven Field. It lieth not far from the Pictish Wall, and the famous monastery of Hagulstad."

J. R. BOYLE, F.S.A.

The Jay, the Chough, and the Nutcracker.



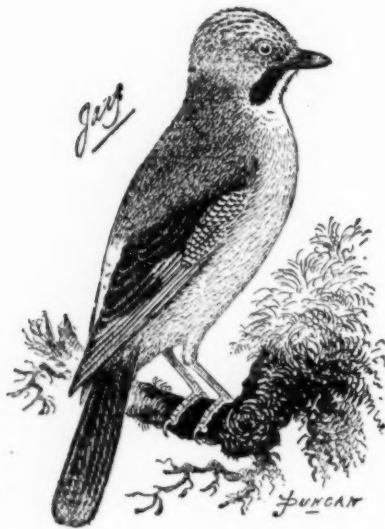
THE jay (*Garrulus glandarius*), sometimes called the oak jackdaw and jay piet, shares with the magpie the dangerous distinction of being one of the most handsome of our native birds. It is also the most rigorously persecuted. Like the magpie, the jay is proscribed by game preservers, as it occasionally preys on the eggs and young of game birds; and gamekeepers have another and more sordid motive for capturing or slaughtering it—the fact that the

bird brings a good price, being much prized by collectors and professional bird-stuffers. In few localities, therefore, can the jay be said to be plentiful. Besides, it is a shy, wood-loving bird, wary and skulking in its habits, and it is oftener heard than seen in its haunts. In the Northern Counties, as Mr. John Hancock tells us, it is gradually disappearing. "This beautiful resident species," he says, "once so abundant in the district, has now almost disappeared from the neighbourhood of Newcastle, and has everywhere become rare."

An observant naturalist, who formerly resided at Shotley, writes as follows of the habits of the jays:—"A singular and cunning habit is adopted by these birds in the breeding season. From being the most noisy and demonstrative birds that frequent our coverts at all other times, when nesting they become mute, and it is very rare, at that period, to hear them utter a scream, although you may be quite close to their nests. This, no doubt, is an instinct they possess in order to conceal the whereabouts of their breeding haunts, and to preserve their helpless nestlings. Another peculiar habit of the jays is their imitating, at times, the calls of other birds, and even animals. A bird which frequented our coverts a few years ago could imitate to perfection the sharp bark of a fox terrier in full cry after its quarry. One of my men when he first heard it, made sure there were some poachers astir, and, quietly stealing through the covert in order to detect them, found the noise was occasioned by a jay, perched on the branch of a tree close by. 'barking away,' as he told me afterwards, 'furiously,' and he was so 'riled' at first at the bird so deceiving him, that he was within an ace of shooting it. However, after a little reflection, a kindlier spirit prevailed, and he left it alone. Many a time afterwards have I heard the same bird (presumably) in our coverts imitating the fox terrier, and the notes of birds besides, and I have repeatedly stopped and listened to its clever imitations of birds and quadrupeds. At times, too, I have heard it give a loud whistle, just like a man; and it could also imitate the romping noise of children well."

The male and female jays, like the magpies, are nearly alike in size and plumage. The male weighs nearly seven ounces; length, one foot two inches; bill, black; from its base a black streak extends backwards about one inch; iris, light blue. Forehead and crown, greyish and bluish white, some of the feathers longer than the rest, streaked down the middle with black, and the ends of those at the back of the head tinged with reddish purple (these form a sort of crest, which the bird can raise or depress at will; nape, cinnamon colour; chin, greyish white; breast, reddish buff colour; back, cinnamon colour. The wings extend to within two inches and a half of the end of the tail. The greater wing coverts are barred with black, white, and brilliant blue alternately, across the outer webs, the inner being nearly black; lesser

wing coverts, chestnut; primaries and secondaries, dusky black edged with white. Tail, dull black, indistinctly barred at the base, the outer feathers on each



side lighter than the rest and approaching to brown, underneath grey; upper tail coverts, white; under tail coverts, dull white; legs, toes, and claws, light reddish brown.

The chough (*Pyrrhonorax graculus*, Bewick; *Fregilus graculus*, Yarrell) has not been found breeding in Northumberland and Durham, but sufficiently near not to be overlooked. "The chough," Mr. Hancock tells us, "must rank as a resident, as it breeds in the rocks



between St. Abb's Head and Fast Castle, Berwickshire." In Cumberland, it used to breed in the cliffs on the sea shore near Whitehaven; but there, as elsewhere, it has

nearly been extirpated. On the South-West Coast of Scotland, in Wigtownshire, the choughs were formerly pretty numerous, and bred freely in the high cliffs near the sea shore. Cornwall, on the picturesque cliffs, near "dark Tintagel, by the Cornish sea," would seem to have been the head-quarters of these birds, but even there they are becoming scarcer every year, owing to persistent persecution. Amongst the popular names of the chough may be mentioned red-leg, Market Jew (the name of a town in Cornwall), hermit crow, red-legged jackdaw, Gesner's wood crow, Cornish chawk or cliff daw, Cornwall kae or killigrew, and mountain crow.

Bishop Stanley thus describes the habits of the chough when domesticated:—"On a lawn where five were kept, one particular part of it was found to turn brown, and exhibit all the appearance of a field suffering under severe drought, covered, as it was, with dead and withering tufts of grass, which it was soon ascertained the choughs were incessantly employed in tearing up the roots of, for the purpose of getting at the grub. The way they set about it was this:—They would walk quietly over the surface, every now and then turning their heads, with the ear towards the ground, listening attentively in the most significant manner. Sometimes they appeared to listen in vain, and then walked on, till at length, instead of moving from the spot, they fell to picking a hole, as fast as their heads could nod." In their wild state they are very shy; but in the breeding season they will allow of a near approach. In autumn and winter they keep together in families.

The flight of the birds is described as resembling that of the rook. They flap their wings rapidly, and then sail on outspread pinions for a considerable distance. They do not perch on trees, but rest on rocks and cliffs, where they nest; and when on the ground they walk with a stately gait. Their food consists chiefly of grasshoppers, cockchafers, and other insects, in search of which they frequent the fields and follow the plough, like the rooks. On the sea shore they feed on crustacea and garbage washed up by the tide; and they also eat grain and wild fruits.

The male is nearly one foot five inches in length; bill, red; iris, red in the centre, surrounded by a circle of blue. The whole plumage is black, glossed with purplish blue. The wings reach nearly to the end of the tail, which is of a more metallic lustre than the rest of the plumage. Legs and toes, red; claws, glossy black, large, and much hooked. The female is a trifle shorter than the male, and weighs about fourteen ounces.

The nutcracker (*Nucifraga caryocatactes*) is a rare casual visitor to this country, and it has only occurred once in Northumberland. This solitary instance is mentioned by Mr. Hancock thus:—"In 'Selby's Illustrations of British Ornithology,' vol. i., p. 368, it is stated

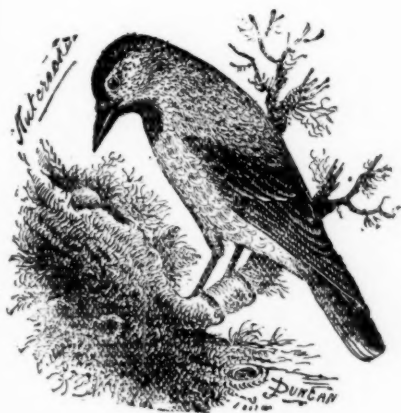
that this rare casual visitant was seen in Netherwitton Wood, Northumberland, in the autumn of 1819, by his coadjutor, Captain Robert Mitford, of the Royal Navy. This species is not included, however, in Mr. Selby's catalogue."

Like the *Corvidæ*, nutcrackers are shy and wary; but in their habits they more resemble the woodpecker than the representatives of the crow tribe. They climb trunks of trees, the tail being used, as with the woodpeckers, as a support. They frequent the depths of the forest, and shun observation, except when they are rearing their young. They are easily tamed, but they have the unfriendly habit of devouring any companions of their captivity. The nutcrackers may be termed omnivorous in their feeding, though their chief food seems to consist of nuts—hence their common name—which, like the nut-hatch, they fix in the crevice of a tree, and break open to get at the kernel. They also eat the seeds of pine trees, beech nuts, acorns, and the various kinds of wild berries, as well as insects, bees, wasps, and beetles. The note of the nutcracker resembles the word "crack," "crack," as also "curr." This latter is the spring, or love note, of the bird, which it utters loudly, in its forest retreats, when perched on the top of a high tree.

Mr. Hancock gives us an interesting account of the "manners and customs" of a nutcracker which he kept

places, squeezed itself out between them, and, escaping into my museum, commenced without the least delay to attack the bird cases, and would soon have done much mischief had it not been immediately discovered. I was absent at the time, and its depredations could only be stopped by not allowing it to rest on anything composed of wood. Wherever it alighted it at once commenced to test, with rapid blows of its bill, the nature of the material. It at length pitched upon a plate of guillemot's eggs, and before it could be interrupted had smashed every one. It then attacked the bones of a bird which were awaiting articulation, and dispersed them in all directions. This was the first day's work of its domestication. Before it could be made secure the wooden bars and every portion of the framework of the cage had to be covered with tin. It was extremely restless and active, and never settled when any one was present. It never became very tame, and I could never get it to look me full in the face. It always avoided my gaze by turning its head aside, as if it disliked to look directly at me. Its voice was very peculiar; it had an extremely harsh, loud cry, resembling the noise produced by a ripping saw while in full action. This cry was so loud that it could be heard all over the house. It had also a sweet, low, delicate, warbling song. This was uttered only when everything was perfectly quiet. The song was much varied, and was continued for some time. So low and delicate was it that it could only be heard when the bird was close at hand, and the note seemed as if it were produced low down the throat. The song was occasionally interrupted by a few creaking notes like those produced when a cork-screw is being used."

The male nutcracker measures one foot two inches in length. The body of the bird is slender, the neck long, the head large and flat, with a long slender, and rounded beak, the upper mandible being straight, or only very slightly curved. The wings are of moderate size, blunt, and graduated, the fourth quill being longer than the rest; the tail is short and rounded at its extremity; the feet are strong, and furnished with powerful toes, armed with strong hooked claws. The plumage is thick and soft; its predominating colour is dark brown, without spots upon the top of the head and nape, although elsewhere each individual feather is tipped with an oval mark of pure white; the wings and tail feathers are of a brilliant black, the latter being tipped with white at their extremities; the under tail-coverts are likewise white; the legs are brown, and the beak and feet black. The wings extend to a width of about twenty-two and a half inches; the tail measures about five inches. In the female the brown plumage has a tinge of red.



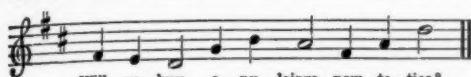
caged for some years. "I kept," he says, "a specimen of the nutcracker in confinement for six years; it was taken on board a ship off the coast of Russia, in 1847. Its habits were interesting and peculiar. It was put at first into a cage with wooden ends, but in a very short time it was seen with its head through a hole it had made in one of the ends. It was then removed into another cage, but from this it soon relieved itself, though the cage was composed almost entirely of wire. It broke through one of the wooden horizontal bars that held the wires in their

and gentlemen, who were diverted with the music of 25 fiddlers and pipers.

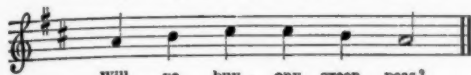
NIGEL, York.

OLD STREET CALLS IN NEWCASTLE.

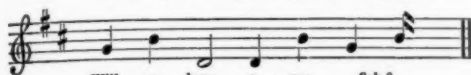
It has occurred that it would be a great pity to lose entirely the musical street cries of Newcastle-on-Tyne. Few of them are heard now, compared with what there used to be twenty years ago. I recollect the following:—



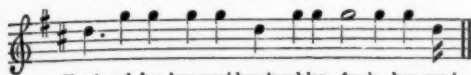
Will ye buy o - ny lairge new ta - ties?



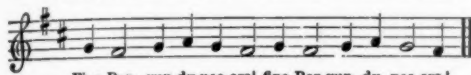
Will ye buy ony green peas?



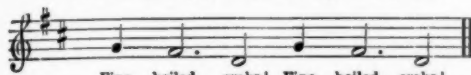
Will ye buy o - ny fish?



Here's cal-ler har-ren! here's cal-ler fresh har-ren!



Fine Bor - gun-dy pee-ors! fine Bor-gun -dy pee-ors!



Fine boiled crabs! Fine boiled crabs!

G. GREENWELL, Duffield, near Derby.

North-Country Obituaries.

On the 10th of June, Mr. Joseph Ridley, a member of the Durham County Council and of other local public bodies, died at his residence at Tow Law. The deceased was engaged in the building trade.

Mr. Percival Scott, formerly superintendent of the Castle Eden division of the Durham County Constabulary, from which position he retired about two years since, died at his residence in Grange Road, West Hartlepool, on the 11th of June. The deceased was a brother of Mr. Joseph Scott, superintendent of the Jarrow division, who was so brutally murdered at Durham about two years ago. (See vol. for 1888, p. 334).

On the same day, died Mrs. Walter Scott, wife of the well-known publisher and contractor, of Felling and Newcastle.

On the 12th, Mr. Alexander Young, an alderman of Richmond, died at the ripe age of 74. He filled the post of Mayor of the ancient borough in 1863-4.

News was received on the 14th June of the death, at Irewarra, Colac, Australia, on April 30, of Mr. Andrew Chiraside, a member of a well-known and highly respected Berwickshire family.

Mr. Jeremiah Wear, head-master of the Throston Board Schools, Hartlepool, died on the 15th of June.

Dr. Cornthwaite, Roman Catholic Bishop of Leeds,

and at one time secretary to Bishop Hogarth at Darlington, died at his residence in Leeds on the 16th of June, aged 72.

On the 16th of June, Mr. James Richardson, senior partner in the firm of Messrs. E. and J. Richardson, leather manufacturers, Shumac Street, Elswick, Newcastle, was seized with a fit of apoplexy whilst at his place of business, and died within an hour. He was 58 years of age. Like his ancestors, Mr. Richardson was a member of the Society of Friends, and occupied several positions in different agencies connected with that body.

On the 17th of June, Mr. Thomas Wakenshaw, a veteran Northumbrian miner, died at his house at Stakeford, near Bedlington, at the advanced age of 88 years.

He had been identified with many of the labour struggles which occurred during the second quarter of the present century. Until his death he was the only man in the district still living who had passed through the perils and the pains of the battle for unionism sixty years ago. He was appointed the representative of Nether-ton and Glebe Collieries in 1831 and 1832 to attend the delegate



MR. THOMAS WAKENSHAW.

meetings of miners held in Newcastle. During the strike of 1844, Wakenshaw earnestly supported the efforts of Martin Jude, Mark Dent, Christopher Haswell, and the other leading miners of that day.

Mr. Walter Wilson, senior partner in the firm of Walter Wilson and Sons, tweed and hosiery manufacturers, Hawick, died at Orchard House in that town, on the 18th June, in his 94th year. Mr. Wilson, who had been a magistrate of Hawick for over half-a-century, was a leader in the Reform struggle of 1832.

Mr. Thomas Duckett died on the 23rd of June, at his residence in Wharnccliffe Street, Newcastle. Twenty years ago Mr. Duckett came to Newcastle, and found employment as a compositor in the *Chronicle* Office. During that lengthened period he remained in the same establishment; and by his urbanity and kindly, genial disposition he earned the respect and good will of those with whom he came in contact.

On the 24th of June, died Mr. Thomas Belk, Recorder of Hartlepool, at his residence in that town. Mr. Belk was born at King's Villa, Pontefract, November 10, 1808, and for over fifty years had been a leading resident of Hartlepool. In 1839 he began to practise as a solicitor at Pontefract, and soon afterwards he married Eve, daughter of Mr. John Gully, M.P., of Ackworth Park, Pontefract. (See *Monthly Chronicle*, 1888, page 74). In addition to his recordership, he held the appointment of Town Clerk until 1882, when he was succeeded by his son, Henry. Mr. Belk was a local historian of great celebrity, and a collector of rare coins, of which he had a splendid cabinet.

The Rev. Thomas Frederick Hardwick, vicar of Shotton, also died on the 24th of June, his age being sixty years.

On the 26th of June, news was received of the death, in Australia, of Mr. John Thomas Patterson, a native of Alnwick, and a brother of the Hon. J. B. Patterson.

Mr. Joseph Wilkinson, of the West Mill, Bishop Auckland, died suddenly on the 29th of June, at the age of 67 years. The deceased was a prominent Wesleyan, and formerly took an active part in the local affairs of the town.

On the 1st of July, Mr. John Richardson, a member of the Morpeth Town Council for a number of years, died somewhat suddenly at Morpeth.

Mr. William Crawford, secretary of the Durham Miners' Association and Member of Parliament for Mid-Durham, died at his residence in Durham on the 1st of July. Mr. Crawford was born at Whitley, in Northumberland, in 1833, his father being a miner. He gained some slight education in the village school at Seaton Sluice, but at an early age began work as a waggon-greaser in the north pit of Cowpen Colliery. While engaged in this occupation, he met with an accident, from which he suffered more or less during the whole of his life. Mr. Crawford was largely concerned in the establishment of a miners' society for the counties of Northumberland and Durham, being appointed



MR. WILLIAM CRAWFORD.

general secretary. When separate societies were formed for each county, he remained for some time secretary of the Northumberland Society; and when he resigned that post in 1865 to undertake the secretaryship of a co-operative society, he was succeeded by Mr. T. Burt, now M.P. for Morpeth. Five years later he became secretary of the Durham Miners' Union. Mr. Crawford was corresponding secretary to the Durham Miners' Federation Board, an official of the Miners' National Union, and a member of the Parliamentary Committee of the Trade Union Congress. He was returned as Liberal member for Mid-Durham at the general election of 1885, and he was also an alderman of the Durham County Council. The deceased gentleman was twice married, and left a widow with three sons and a daughter.

Mr. John Dodds, of Heathery Tops, near Berwick-on-Tweed, well and widely known as a successful farmer and

stock-breeder, also died on the 1st of July. The deceased, who was born at Milfield, near Wooler, was in his 74th year.

On the 2nd of July, Mr. Henry West, who was for a great many years directly connected with the temperance work done at the Central Hall, died at his residence, Clarence Street, Newcastle.

Mr. John Craster, superintendent of the Wellington Farm Reformatory, near Edinburgh, also died on the 2nd of July. The deceased was a native of the North of England, and was formerly head-master of the Newcastle Boys' Reformatory.

The remains of Mr. Robert Rennison, one of the last of the tanners, a once flourishing industry at Alnwick, were interred in that town. The deceased, who was 70 years of age, had died a few days previously.

On the 6th of July, Mr. John Scott, rector of the Corporation Academy, Berwick-on-Tweed, died at his residence, High Street, in that town, at the age of 57.

On the 9th of July, the Rev. J. H. Guy, formerly a Congregational minister, and a native of Newton, Northumberland, died in Sunderland.

On the same day, at the age of 60, died Mr. T. D. Pickering, assistant-overseer of St. Nicholas', Newcastle.

The death was announced on the 10th of July, of Mr. Gray, late of Hepple, Coquet Water, Northumberland. The deceased, who was for some years a bailie of Jedburgh, and had latterly lived with his son-in-law at Hawick, was 85 years of age.

The death took place, on the 9th of July, of the Rev. James Samuel Blair, vicar of Killingworth.

Record of Events.

North-Country Occurrences.

JUNE.

12.—It was announced that, by her will, dated 1st September, 1889, the late Right Hon. Sarah Caroline, Baroness Northbourne, of Betteshanger, Kent, and Jarrold Grange, Durham, who died on the 21st January last, had left personal estate valued at £139,997.

—During a performance at Sanger and Son's Circus at Hexham, a bear was directed to climb a ladder on to a heavy piece of wood which was supported by two uprights about 20 feet from the ground. Several times the animal refused to mount the ladder, but was ultimately persuaded to go up. The bear was in the act of leaving the last rung of the ladder when the structure and bear fell heavily to the ground. The heavy piece of wood and a portion of the uprights fell among a dense mass of people, several of whom sustained severe shocks.

—At a meeting of the Northumberland County Council, a motion was carried that the close season for wild birds be further extended to August 31, special protection being asked for the dotterel, eider duck, guillemot, gull, kittiwake, oyster-catcher, puffin, razorbill, sea parrot, sea swallow, and tern.

13.—Owing to a severe outbreak of pleuro-pneumonia at Thirsk, fifty cattle belonging to Messrs. Smith, of Holme, were destroyed.

—At a meeting at Middlesbrough between the representatives of the Cleveland ironstone miners and the

Cleveland mineowners, the employers intimated that, on the expiration of the existing wages arrangement on the 28th of June, the mine-owners would require a reduction of 2d. per ton in miners' wages, and a corresponding reduction in the wages of all other classes of men engaged at the mines.

14.—An inquest was held in Newcastle on the body of a man named William Mason, aged 43, who died from injuries received through jumping off the Redheugh Bridge into the river Tyne on the 11th.

—The annual gathering for out-door worship in commemoration of the visit of the Rev. John Wesley, M.A., on June 17th, 1782, was held at Saugh House, Cambo, The Rev. James Barker, of Kirkwhelpington, conducted the service.

15.—The first of a series of Sunday musical concerts under the auspices of the Newcastle Sunday Music League, was given on the Newcastle Town Moor.

16.—One man was killed and many injured at the Newburn steelworks through the gearing of a heavy girder falling on the men.

—The new church of All Saints', Harton, and a new cemetery at Hebburn, were consecrated by Dr. Westcott, Bishop of Durham.

—A large party of Swedish agriculturists, numbering between sixty and seventy persons, who visited England to ascertain the requirements of this country in reference to the importation of farm produce, were entertained by the Mayor of Newcastle (Mr. Thomas Bell) to luncheon at the County Hotel, Newcastle. In the evening the visitors partook of a cold collation in the Banqueting Hall, Jesmond.

17.—Miss Bessie May, third daughter of Sir Raylton Dixon, of Gunnergate Hall, near Middlesbrough, was married to Mr. Henry W. F. Bolckow, eldest son of Mr. Carl Bolckow, of Marton Hall.

—In Bishop Cosin's Library, Durham, the Corporation of that city, in accordance with the custom of centuries, presented to the new Bishop of Durham an address of welcome on his appointment.

—A two days' sale of valuable books was commenced by Messrs. Atkinson and Garland at their rooms in Pilgrim Street, Newcastle. The lots disposed of included Thomas Bewick's "Land and Water Birds," a collection of 294 wood cuts, £7 10s.; Bewick's "Quadrupeds," 225 China paper proofs, £8; Bewick's "Land and Water Birds," and supplements, first editions, 4 vols. in 2, Newcastle, 1797-1804-21, £12; Bewick's "Land and Water Birds," thick royal paper, first editions, Newcastle, 1797-1804, £9; Bewick's "Fables of Æsop," Newcastle, 1818, £9 2s. 6d.; Bewick's "General History of Quadrupeds," Newcastle, 1807, £5 10s.; and Bewick's Works and Memoirs, only 750 copies printed, 5 vols., 1885, £6 10s.

18.—At a meeting of the Literary and Philosophical Society, Newcastle, it was announced that a sufficient sum had been raised by a committee appointed for the purpose to effect the purchase of the series of water-colour drawings of shells made by the late George Gibsons, an architect and artist who flourished in Newcastle some time ago, and offered to the town, upon certain conditions, by that gentleman's representatives. It was resolved that the drawings be acquired on behalf of the town, and a committee was appointed to deal with the matter. On the 5th of July, this committee, consisting of Mr. C. M. Adantson, the Rev. B. W. Gibsons, Dr. Hodgkin, Dr.

Philipson, the Rev. T. Talbot, Mr. Alderman Stephens, and Mr. Richard Welford, awarded the drawings as a present to the Public Library of Newcastle.

—At an adjourned meeting of the Stockton Town Council, a letter was read from Major R. Ropner, offering to pay the cost of a site for a public park for the borough. A resolution thanking Major Ropner for his offer was passed unanimously. Major Ropner is a shipowner at West Hartlepool, and a shipbuilder at Stockton.

—The late Miss Robson, of Stannington Vale, bequeathed by will £300 to local charities. That sum was to-day handed over to the Rev. J. G. Potter for distribution among several local and other charities.

19.—Mr. Henry Morton Stanley, the celebrated African explorer, with Mr. Bonny, one of his associates, visited Newcastle, and was accorded a hearty reception by all classes. He was met at the Central Railway Station about 12.30 p.m. by the Mayor of Newcastle (Mr. T. Bell), the Sheriff (Mr. Edward Culley), and other prominent citizens. The two visitors were conducted to carriages, and the party drove to the Mansion House, amidst the acclamations of the people and the ringing of bells. Shortly before three o'clock, the party proceeded to the Assembly Rooms in Westgate Street, where a large and fashionable assembly had gathered. Here the great traveller was presented with the freedom of the city. In the evening of the same day, Mr. Stanley lectured at the People's Palace, under the auspices of the Tyneside Geographical Society. Later, he was the guest of the Mayor at a conversation in the Assembly Rooms, at which a large company of ladies and gentlemen were present. Mr. Stanley's reception by the citizens of Newcastle was most flattering. In passing through Berwick, *en route* from Edinburgh, at an earlier period of the day, the eminent explorer was presented with an address from the Mayor and Corporation of the ancient Border town. As a memento of his visit to Newcastle, Mr. Stanley afterwards forwarded a suitably inscribed copy of his work, "Through Darkest Africa," to the Tyneside Geographical Society.

20.—The Newburn Manor Schools, erected at a cost of £4,000, defrayed by the Duke of Northumberland and Messrs. John Spencer and Sons, Limited, were formally opened by Earl Percy.

—The closing meeting of the nineteenth session of the Durham College of Science, Newcastle, was held in the Lecture Theatre, under the presidency of Dr. Hodgkin. The annual report, read by Principal Garnett, showed the satisfactory progress of the institution.

—The majority of the volunteers belonging to the Northern district went into camp at Morpeth, Newbiggin, and other places, where they remained over the following week.

21.—A special service was held in St. Margaret's Church, Tanfield, when a new peal of six bells was dedicated by the Right Rev. Dr. Sandford, coadjutor Bishop of Durham. The total cost of buying and fitting up the peal was £450, which sum was wholly raised by subscription.

22.—A man named Patrick Boyle, of 21, Church Walk, Bottle Bank, Gateshead, was arrested on a charge of causing the death of a woman named Isabella Bone, or Daglish, with whom he cohabited. He was afterwards committed for trial.

—Bishop Smythies, of Central Africa, preached to a large congregation in St. Nicholas' Cathedral, Newcastle.

On the following evening, the right rev. prelate addressed a public meeting in the Town Hall, Gateshead.

—Mrs. Head, wife of a shoemaker, residing in Ramsgate, Stockton, gave birth to triplets.

23.—It was announced that Mr. John Hancock, the celebrated naturalist, had presented 350 drawings of birds to the Natural History Museum, Newcastle.

—Information was received that the Rev. W. H. Connor, of St. Nicholas' Vicarage, Birmingham, had been appointed to the living of St. Michael's Parish Church, Alnwick, in succession to the Rev. Canon E. B. Trotter, resigned.

—Dr. Robert Spence Watson, Newcastle, was elected chairman of the committee of the National Liberal Federation.

—The Earl of Durham was the recipient of a testimonial, consisting of a purse containing £329, to defray his lordship's legal expenses in the action of *Chetwynd v. Durham*.

—The Bishop of Durham paid his first official visit to Gateshead, and was presented with a congratulatory address by the Mayor and Corporation of the borough, and with one on behalf of the clergy of the town.

24.—An inquest was held by the city coroner, Mr. Theodore Hoyle, on the body of a child named John Henry Grieves. The evidence disclosed a shocking state of affairs. The boy's body was infested with maggots. The jury returned a verdict of manslaughter against the parents, whom the magistrates subsequently committed for trial on the same charge.

—The directors of the North-Eastern Railway contributed the sum of £250 towards the funds of the Sunderland Infirmary, in consideration of the extra expense the Institution was put to, and the additional labour and anxiety caused to the staff by the care and attention given to the cases arising out of the Ryhope railway accident. (See *Monthly Chronicle*, 1889, p. 479.)

—The golden wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Anderson-

of Newcastle, was celebrated at their residence, Forest Villa West, Forest Hall. During the afternoon they were surrounded by the greater part of their family, numbering 29 children and grandchildren.

—On this and the two following days the annual midsummer races were held at Gosforth Park under favourable meteorological conditions. The Northumberland Plate, which dates back to 1833, was won by a horse named Houndditch, the owner of which was Mr. James Lowther, M.P. The attendance during the three days was the largest on record.

—The ninth annual festival on the Town Moor, Newcastle, promoted by the North of England Temperance Festival Association, was opened by Mr. Alderman W. D. Stephens, and was continued on the 25th and 26th. The gathering, as usual, took the form of athletic and military sports, juveniles' games, and treats to poor children.

26.—Amongst the visitors to the Gosforth Races was Prince Albert Victor.

27.—Mr. Augustus Harris, lessee of the Tyne Theatre, Newcastle, and a member of the London County Council, was elected one of the Sheriffs of London.

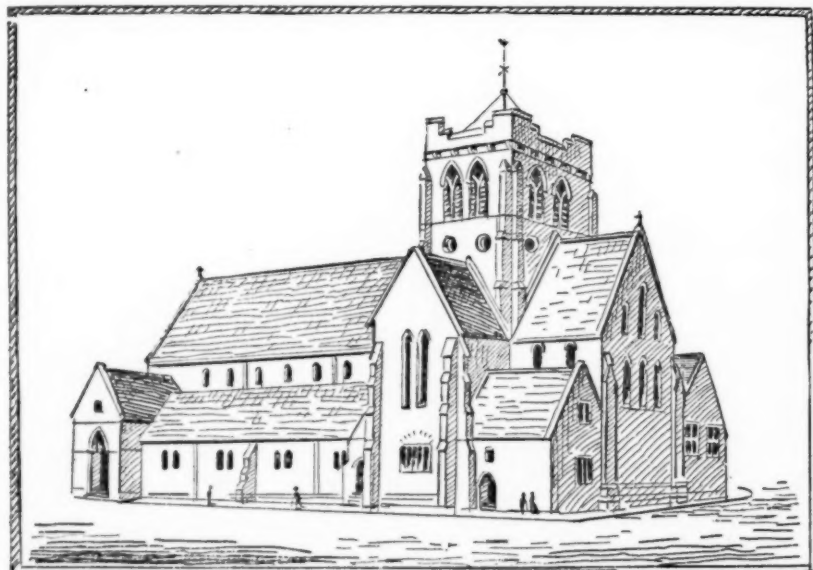
28.—The will of the late Mr. William J. Pawson, J.P., of Shawdon, Northumberland, was proved, the value of the testator's personal estate being £86,384.

29.—Two valuable cows were killed by lightning during the prevalence of a thunderstorm at Lamesley.

JULY.

1.—The foundation stone of a new church, dedicated to St. Augustine, and situated in Brighton Grove, Newcastle, was laid by Mr. John Hall, J.P., in presence of the Bishop of the diocese and a large gathering of local clergy and laity. The architects are Messrs. Gibson and Johnson, and the church, of which a drawing is affixed, is intended to accommodate 900 persons.

—The body of a man named Robert Watson, of Castle-



ST. AUGUSTINE'S CHURCH, BRIGHTON GROVE, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

town, Sunderland, who on the previous day had been drowned in an attempt to swim across the river Wear, was washed up by the tide near Grievson's Ferry.

2.—Agnes Pringle, a little girl 11 years of age, accidentally fell into the river Tyne while playing on Hillgate Quay, and was drowned, her brother George, aged 14, having a narrow escape from a like fate in an ineffectual attempt to rescue her.

3.—Mrs. Wilberforce, wife of the Bishop of Newcastle, laid the foundation stone of St. Jude's Church, situated at the corner of Barker Street and Clarence Street, Shieldfield, Newcastle, a large number of clergymen and others being present. A silver trowel, the handle of which was made of oak from the old Tyne Bridge, and which was the gift of the architect, Mr. Arthur B. Plummer, was presented to Mrs. Wilberforce. The cost of the building, excepting the tower, will be about £3,000. The Rev. C. Digby Seymour is vicar-designate of the new church.

A serious mishap occurred at Eston Steel Works, Middlesbrough. During a violent thunderstorm one of the iron roofs was struck by the lightning. It collapsed, and in its fall injured several workmen.

5.—An advance of $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. was made in the wages of the Northumberland miners.

—A "maiden session" took place at the South Shields Police Court, there being no cases for trial, and the presiding magistrate was, according to custom, presented with a pair of white gloves.

—There was launched from the Elswick shipyard a gunboat, built by the Elswick firm to the order of the Imperial Indian Government. The vessel was named the

"Plassy," by Lady Lumsden, wife of General Sir Peter Lumsden.

—A reduction of $6\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. was found to have accrued, under the sliding scale, in the wages of the Cleveland blast-furnacemen.

7.—A new convent, dedicated to St. Anne, was opened at the Church of St. Thomas of Canterbury, Wolsingham.

—George James Perkins, of Newcastle, beat easily George Norvell, of Swalwell, in a boat race over the Tyne champion course, for £100 a-side.

—In the presence of the Mayor and members of the Corporation, a new Post Office, erected at a cost of about £5,000, was opened in Russell Street, South Shields, the ceremony being performed by Mr. J. L. Lamb, Assistant-Secretary to the Post Office, London, and a native of South Shields.

—It was stated that a model, said to be a cast of the head of the Earl of Derwentwater, taken after his execution, had been presented to the Literary and Philosophical Society of Newcastle, by Miss Cunliffe, a Newcastle lady, resident at Brighton.

8.—The twenty-sixth annual meeting of the North of England Branch of the Medical Association was held at Darlington.

9.—There was captured in the salmon nets at Hallowstall Fishery, near the mouth of the Tweed, a finely developed sturgeon, measuring 7 feet 4 inches in length, and weighing 12 stones.

—The festival of church choirs of the Rural Deaneries of Alnwick, Bamburgh, Bedlington, Bellingham, Corbridge, Hexham, Morpeth, Norham, Rothbury, and Tynemouth was held in the Cathedral, Newcastle.



ST. JUDE'S CHURCH, SHIELDFIELD, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

—At the Town Hall, Gateshead, the Mayor (Mr. Ald. John Lucas), on behalf of the subscribers, presented to Mr. Stephen Renforth a beautifully designed silver medal and a purse of gold, amounting to £40,



STEPHEN RENFORTH.

for his conspicuous bravery in rescuing twelve persons from drowning in the river Tyne. The testimonial was the outcome of a recital of the hero's life-saving exploits which had been published in the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle*. Stephen Renforth is a boatman, and is a brother of James Renforth, the aquatic champion, who died so suddenly during the Anglo-Canadian boat race on the Kennebecasis river, New Brunswick, on the 23rd of August, 1871.

General Occurrences.

JUNE.

11.—Mr. H. M. Stanley was presented with the freedom of the city of Edinburgh in the Grand Hall of the Exhibition.

17.—It was announced that an agreement had been effected between England and Germany respecting their possessions in East Africa, the German boundary being fixed on the north by a line cutting Victoria Nyanza in two, and on the south-west by the Stephenson Road, together with Lakes Nyassa and Tanganyika. By this arrangement the Empire of Uganda is retained within the British sphere of influence, and Mr. Stanley's latest discoveries after leaving the Albert Nyanza are also included. England assumed the protectorate over Zanzibar, while Germany relinquished the Vitu territory, north of Mombassa, thus allowing an extension of British territory as far north as Abyssinia and Egypt. Subject to the approval of the British Parliament, Heligoland was to be ceded to Germany.

18.—Mrs. Wombwell, professionally known as Miss Fanny Josephs, manager of the Prince of Wales Theatre, Liverpool, died after a career on the stage of about thirty years.

20.—It was announced that Sir Edward Bradford had been appointed successor to Mr. Monro, as Chief Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police Force.

21.—Mr. Stanley was presented with the freedom of the city of Manchester.

23.—At the Anti-Slavery Conference at Brussels, a general Act, dealing with the slave trade in all its phases, was signed by all the plenipotentiaries, except Holland.

—At a meeting of the Cabinet it was decided to abandon the clauses of the Local Taxation Bill relating to the licensing question.

27.—A new promenade on the north side of Scarborough was opened by Prince Albert Victor.

28.—Mr. Stanley's book, "In Darkest Africa," was issued to the public.

—Major Panitzza was executed at Sofia in accordance with the sentence passed upon him by a court-martial, which declared him guilty of conspiring to overthrow the Bulgarian Government.

29.—By the order of the Queen, the old custom of Sunday music was revived at Windsor Castle, a military band playing upon the terrace in the afternoon. The public was admitted to the grounds.

JULY.

1.—Serious riots occurred at Leeds, owing to a strike of the stokers at the gas works. The military were called out, and charged the mob. The riots were resumed again the following day; but a settlement was effected with the strikers on the 3rd.

—A man named Eyraud, on being brought before the examining magistrate in Paris, confessed to having murdered M. Gouffé, with the help of a woman named Gabrielle Bompard.

2.—Owing to Mr. W. S. Caine having applied for the Chiltern Hundreds, in order that he might test the feeling of his constituents upon the course he had pursued in the House of Commons with respect to the licensing scheme, a Parliamentary election took place at Barrow. The result was as follows:—Mr. J. R. Duncan (Gladstonian Liberal), 1,994; Mr. Wainwright (Conservative), 1,862; Mr. Caine (Independent), 1,280.

5.—Sir Edwin Chadwick, the well-known sanitary reformer, died at his residence, Park Cottage, East Sheen, in his 90th year.

—Six Russians were sentenced in Paris to three years' imprisonment each and a fine of 2,000 francs, for possessing or manufacturing explosives.

—Several London policemen refused to go on duty owing to a constable who had taken a prominent part in recent agitations being transferred to another division.

—A disaffection was shown among the Grenadier Guards stationed at Wellington Barracks, London, who, when the bugle sounded the parade, made no response to the summons. The cause of the men's action, it was said was the excessive duties they had been called upon to perform.

7.—Some 48 constables who had refused to go on duty the previous night were dismissed from the metropolitan police force. In the evening a large mob assembled before Bow Street Police Station, and serious disturbances took place. The police were unable to hold the mob in check for more than two hours, when the Life Guards appeared on the scene and cleared the street.

8.—The disturbances in London were again renewed at Bow Street, mounted police having to charge the crowd before the street could be cleared.

9.—A free fight took place at the London Parcels Post Department between the members of the Postmen's Union and the relief men that had been engaged on account of a threatened strike. The mails were delayed for several hours. About a hundred of the men who caused the disturbance were summarily dismissed.